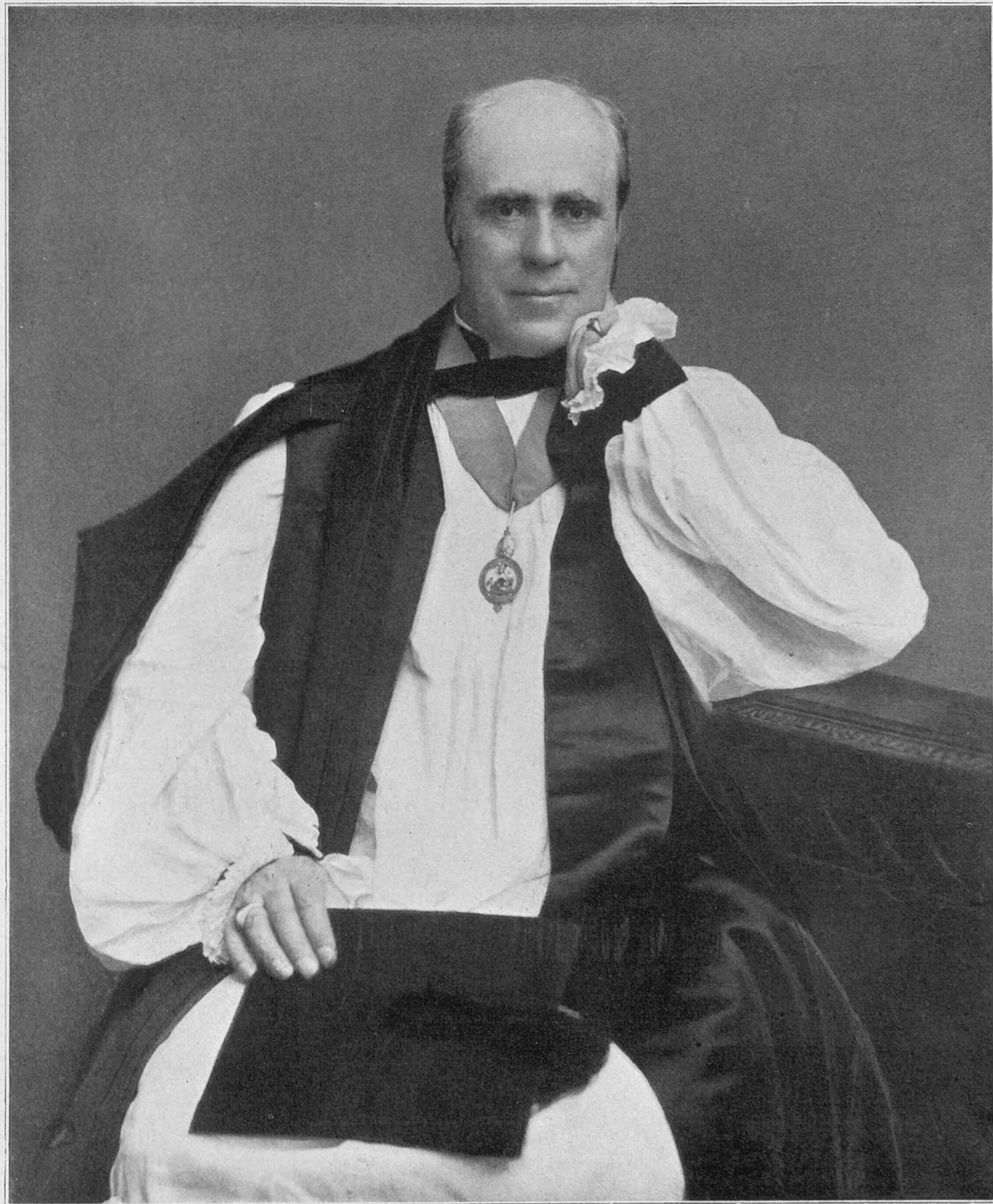




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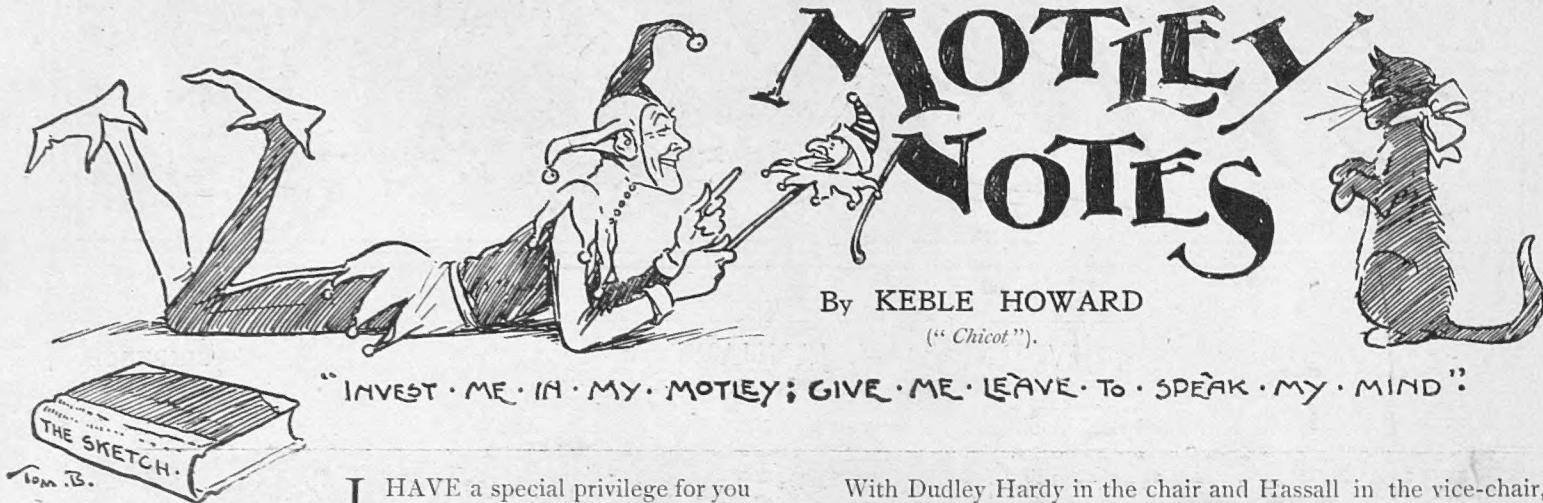
SIXPENCE.



DR. RANDALL DAVIDSON, THE NEW PRIMATE.

THE KING HAS BEEN PLEASED TO APPROVE THE APPOINTMENT OF THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, D.D., TO BE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W. (See Pages 476 and 483.)*



By KEBBLE HOWARD

(“Chicot”).

I HAVE a special privilege for you to-day, kindly reader. I am going to ask you to join with me in hearty congratulations to our mutual friend, *The Sketch*, who, with this number, completes the first decade of her life. And what gay years they have been! With every one of her five hundred and twenty numbers she has proved and proved again the truth of the maxim that the greatest pleasure comes from giving pleasure to other people. To every corner of the world she has journeyed, and always her career has been in the nature of a triumphal progress. No distance had any terror for her; never did she take the slightest heed of climate or circumstance. At her approach, the fogs of London lifted; the snows of Canada melted; the fierce heat of India abated; the dreary veldt of South Africa was suddenly illuminated with a touch of Home. And so, with every year of the ten, she has grown lighter of heart and gayer of mood. To-day, with head thrown back and arms outstretched, she laughingly thanks you for your congratulations and good wishes. There is no note of sadness, however, in her little song of victory, for she knows that both you and she have still many decades to run, and that, as heretofore, you will go dancing down the sunlit glades of life together.

As a companion volume to “The Unspeakable Scot,” Mr. Crosland’s bitter-sweet concession to the astuteness of our Caledonian neighbours, Mr. Grant Richards has published a wordy diatribe entitled “The Egregious English.” According to the title-page, the author of this conveniently produced book is a Mr. Angus McNeill. The name, of course, is Scotch enough; but even Mr. Crosland, I imagine, would admit that the average journalist from Edinburgh or Aberdeen might, by taking a little thought, turn out better stuff than this. Mr. Crosland, I am afraid, will suffer more than anyone else by reason of the invertebrate character of this work. True, his name is more than once mentioned in “The Egregious English,” but the epithets with which it is coupled are of so complimentary a nature that the reader at once loses interest in the affair and, with a sigh, turns again to his sporting newspaper. He had expected a prize-fight, and he gets a few tame rounds with feather-bed gloves. It is to be hoped, by the way, that we have now come to the end of this alliterative mud-slinging. I feel sure that there is no crying necessity for a treatise on “The Immortal Irish,” or even a pamphlet on “The Waspish Welsh.” The reviewer should play the kind but firm nurse and prevent the children from fighting any more even with heavy gloves.

The Drunkards’ Act is all very well as far as it goes, but I should like to see the principal of it very widely extended. Why, I ask, should so salutary a measure be confined to drunkenness? Surely, it is just as harmful and just as disgusting to overeat as to overdrink. There should be a Gluttons’ Act, by virtue of which the police should be empowered to raid restaurants and hotels and remove any stout old gentleman who, on the evidence of the waiter, could be shown to have eaten more than was good for him. Oversleeping is another vice that bids fair to undermine the health of certain members of society. What a grand thing it would be for the nation at large if the police made it their business to enter houses and pull everybody out of bed at eight o’clock in the morning! Worst of all, there is the cigarette habit. If I had my way, I would arrest and flog every youth under eighteen years of age who was caught smoking a cigarette, either in public or private. Pipes might be allowed for the present; a pipe, we all know, is not particularly harmful as compared with a cigarette, and it must also be taken into account that the younger generation have not the stomachs for pipe-smoking. But there should certainly be a stringent “Fag” Act.

With Dudley Hardy in the chair and Hassall in the vice-chair, the London Sketch Club, on Wednesday evening last, treated itself to a triumphantly successful Turkey Supper. As the official Chronicler of the Club, I ought to know how many people were present, and all that sort of thing. I’m afraid I am a little shaky on numbers, but I can assure you that very nearly every black-and-white artist of any note in London attended the feast and personally consumed far more turkey than was ever intended; by an all-wise Mother Nature, to fall to the share of one man. An interesting feature of the evening was the presentation of a handsome marble clock to the President. The presentation was made, in the name of the Club, by Mr. Tom Browne, who, unfortunately, omitted to mention the fact that he had just found the clock on the mantelpiece in the hall of the hotel. All’s well that ends well, however, and the President was eventually persuaded to return the clock to its rightful owner and accept, in its place, the good wishes of his fellow members and their congratulations on a highly successful year. As to whether he was appeased by this show of affection, I have no official cognisance; I understand, however, that the presentation scene, which was particularly striking, will be recorded on canvas by upwards of thirty members.

I have not had the privilege of reading the discussion on “The Decay of the Novel” that has been going on, I understand, in *The Young Man*, but, despite the protests of some popular novelists, most people will agree that the modern novel is coming to be a poor, unworthy thing as compared with the fine novels that used to be written a few years back. The falling-off, I suppose, is attributable to the fact that a well-written novel by an unknown author stands no better chance of success than an ill-written one. The young novelist, sitting pen in hand, feels that the reviewers will not take the trouble to read his book, the public will never hear of it, and he might just as well write nonsense quickly as spend laborious hours over a fine piece of work. If you put the matter to the reviewer in that light, he will shrug his shoulders and tell you that he cannot afford to read a novel through when he is only allowed a small space in which to review it. If Editors would review books according to merit and not according to price, the bad six-shilling novel would gradually cease to exist and the few good ones would command a sale sufficiently large to reward the author for the time and trouble that he has spent over the book.

A very interesting case, demonstrating the influence of surroundings on the moral character, came to light a few days ago in a Police Court. It seems that a gentleman of the name of John Smith found his way into the larder of a certain Rectory and there regaled himself with cold pheasant. Having supped, he put a pound’s worth of coppers into his pocket and set out, bravely enough, for London Town. During the course of the journey, however, certain influences were at work which, ere he reached the capital, completely changed the tone of the man’s thoughts and the direction of his steps. In other words, instead of hiding himself and the coppers in some low haunt where he might have lain concealed in perfect safety, Mr. Smith went hurriedly to a Salvation Army shelter, confessed his crime, and then gave himself up at the police station. It may be, of course, that the weight of the pound’s worth of coppers broke the poor fellow’s spirit: it may be that the cold pheasant had been cold a little too long; both of these explanations are admissible. For my own part, however, I prefer to think that the virtuous atmosphere of the Rectory had such an effect upon his moral character that he chose to sacrifice the coppers rather than continue a free man with so great a weight upon his soul. It must have been a sore trial to him that he was unable to rid himself of the cold pheasant with an equal amount of ease.



THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE LAST THURSDAY.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

(See Page 510.)

## THE NEW PRIMATE.

**F**EW who knew anything at all about the subject were surprised at the translation of the Bishop of Winchester to the greatest position the English Church can offer. His intimate association with the Courts of Queen Victoria and King Edward doubtless accounts for the preferment by which he becomes Primate of All England at the exceptionally early age of fifty-four; but there is, at the same time, no doubt that the choice was wise and one that will be of lasting benefit to the Church as a whole. Dr. Davidson's rise has been rapid. In the space of twenty-six years he has been resident chaplain and private secretary to two Archbishops; sub-almoner, honorary chaplain, resident chaplain, and Clerk of the Closet to Queen Victoria; one of the six preachers of Canterbury Cathedral; Dean of Windsor Registrar of the Order of the Garter; Bishop of Rochester; Bishop of Winchester; Prelate of the Order of the Garter; and Clerk of the Closet to the King, described in the reign of the second Charles as a "Confessor to His Majesty, who is commonly some reverend discreet divine, extraordinarily esteemed by His Majesty, whose office is to attend at the King's right hand during Divine Service, to resolve all doubts concerning spiritual matters, and to wait on His Majesty in his private Oratory or Closet." A Moderate Churchman, suave and diplomatic, he is a striking contrast to Dr. Temple, to whom, it is interesting to recall, he rendered considerable assistance at the Coronation, and to whom he lent the support of his arm when he broke down so dramatically in his speech upon the Education Bill. A man of great ability and of great experience in diocesan administration, Dr. Davidson will fill the See of Canterbury not only with distinction, but with credit to himself and to the Church.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*The End of the Durbar—The Sikh Oath of Fealty—The Rajah of Nabha—The Procession of the Suites.*

**N**OW that the Durbar and its surrounding festivities are successfully and brilliantly at an end, there is no harm in saying that many people in India thought that it would never take place at all. Plague was the grim spectre that was always in the background, and during the autumn that dread scourge of India came unpleasantly near the old Capital of the Moguls. At one time it was thought that the Military Manœuvres on a large scale which preceded the Durbar might have to be abandoned, owing to the danger incurred by bringing together large bodies of men into a comparatively small space, but the authorities carried out the full programme, and the word "Plague" has not been mentioned in any account of the Durbar, owing, no doubt, to the very elaborate sanitary precautions taken.

The most striking ceremonies and the strangest pageant of the Durbar were, it seems to me, the renewing of the oath of fealty by the Sikh chiefs on their sacred book and the procession of the retainers of the Princes with the insignia and some of the movable splendours from their treasure-houses. The book of the sacred law compiled by the ten Gurus is held in as much reverence by the Sikhs as the Bible was by the old Covenanters. It is carried at the head of some of the Sikh regiments whenever they march, and at the ceremony at Delhi it was brought down in a magnificent carriage to the meeting-place—the little house which marks

the spot where the great Sikh saint was imprisoned before he died, going to death because he would not deny his religion, and which is to the men of the Five Rivers what the dungeon of the great Apostle in Rome is to all Christians. The absolute simplicity of the Sikh ceremonial, as well as its spontaneity, made it all the more striking, and, of all the splendid figures which have passed across the Indian stage during the pageantries of the Durbar, none will remain more firmly impressed on the Indian mind than that of the Rajah of Nabha, in the plainest of raiments, walking barefooted to the house of the saint, because this act shows in him the combination of deep religious feeling and kingliness which the natives of India admire immensely when they see it in their rulers.

The other great Sikh Maharajahs came in their carriages, but the fine old man with the long white beard, the typical Sikh, behaved as ruler of the stateliest race in India should. It was fitting that this chief, great in his humility, should, without intending it, become the centre of a declaration of loyalty, for his State has stood for the British in foul weather as well as fair, which has not been the case with all the Sikh kingdoms. When the Mutiny came, some of the rulers waited to see to which side the beam would dip, and, while they waited, the mutineers rushed like a torrent through the States, murdered some statesmen, and swept on with a load of treasure and arms and a reinforcement of fighting-men; but Nabha held firm for the British Raj. The Government of India has a long memory, except in cases where it is good policy to forget, and, though forfeited estates have been returned or their equivalent given elsewhere to certain of the Rajahs who are themselves firmly loyal, even if their grandfathers wavered, and the Mutiny is never mentioned when a great official visits their States, when a Viceroy visits Nabha the services of the ruler of the State during the dark days of India are always recalled, and special honour is done to the present ruler because of the loyalty of his predecessor, as well as because he is himself a most able Prince, ruling his people as a kindly father rules his family. It was noticed at the great review on Thursday that he alone of all the chieftains whose forces passed, when he rode up to the saluting-base, dismounted and salaamed before shaking hands with the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught, thus carrying out the old custom of a vassal Prince.

Of all the Princes and Maharajahs and Rajahs whom I saw or met in India, this old Sikh, with his gentle manner and splendid presence, impressed me most. He is a survival of the old state of things, and a splendid one. If all the rulers in days gone by had been like that of Nabha, the new type of man turned out to pattern from the European educational machine would not have become a necessity. The Rajah of Nabha does not, I believe, speak English, and he has assimilated in his little kingdom the benefits of Western knowledge without letting the Englishman ever become the dominant power. When such a ruler is to be found, he is never interfered with even by the fussiest of Secretaries, and the next generation, brought up with this example before their eyes, are not so likely to succumb to the infinite temptation by which a young Indian ruler is surrounded as is the boy brought up most carefully by English tutors, who one day is given his freedom, and, being like a white sheet of paper, ready to take any impression, may come under the influence of stable-boys and the white men of worse antecedents who hang about the native Courts, or may take the best of the English and the natives as his friends. Such a Rajah as the young ruler of Bikanir is, for instance, can compare with any of the best and steadiest Princes of European blood; but some of the young chiefs have acquired only the vices of civilisation.



A "NEW ACT" OF THE POPULAR TRAGEDY ENTITLED "SWEET SMELL OF OLD BREWERY."

Drawn by Starr Wood.



MISS ETHEL IRVING AS "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S" AT THE APOLLO.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

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## "SKETCH" EDITORIAL NOTICES.

### TO ARTISTS.

*Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits.  
Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.*

### TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

### TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

### GENERAL NOTICES.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

Preliminary letters are not desired.

No use will be made of circular matter.

Whenever possible, business should be conducted by post. The Editor cannot receive visitors except by appointment.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

## "THE DEVIL'S FORGE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

"IN JAPAN" has passed from the stage of the Alhambra, to be produced on a very lavish scale at La Scala Opera House in Milan some six weeks hence. In its place the Management presents "The Devil's Forge," which is described as a legendary ballet, and tells the story of one Karl, a sixteenth-century sword-maker, who, to celebrate his betrothal, made a sword for his future father-in-law. Even in that early time it is clear that to be "made in Germany" was to forfeit certain qualities of strength and resisting power. Karl's sword breaks badly in the attempt to cut a helmet that does not look too formidable, and the indignant Burgomaster withdraws his daughter and breaks up the pleasant dance that was being held to celebrate the betrothal. In his trouble, Karl is roused to protect an old woman from ill-usage, and she proves to be the fairy of the mountain where the Devil's Forge is to be found. A very charming fairy too, be it said, one calculated to make the mountain popular in spite of the legions of devils and spirits who frequent it. Mdlle. Mari is an attractive little dancer who, if she cannot equal some of her predecessors in skill, yields to none of them in charm and grace. As the mountain fairy, she has a lot of work to do when, in accordance with her suggestions, Karl faces the Devil's Forge and defies the gathering of spirits that attempts by force or wiles to keep him from mending the broken sword. Needless to say, all ends well, and Karl is restored to his betrothed.

Madame Cormani has charge of the divertissements, and they are very effective, though they cannot make us forget Signor Carlo Coppi, who has more ingenuity and freshness in his treatment of masses. The pantomime is for the most part in the hands of Miss Edith Slack, a well-trained and capable young artist who must learn to do her work at a slower pace. The first tableau is pretty, with its suggestion of the first Act of "Faust." The second is quite remarkable; it presents the cavern of the Devil's Forge, and affords Signor Comelli an opportunity of showing his work at its best. Mr. Wilson's management of this scene is very happy, the lighting being admirably arranged. Mr. George Byng returns to his place with a very pretty score, full of bright, effective melodies, and thoroughly in keeping with the story. It is very fresh music and helps the stage action along considerably. The costumes are striking and, with the exception of one set, in the good taste associated with productions at this house. Patrons of the Alhambra who have noted the great improvement in the house during the past few years will learn with regret that Mr. C. D. Slater is retiring from the management in May. In his term of office he has been conspicuously successful in restoring prosperity to the house and earning the esteem of all who have worked with him.

The artistic colony at Bedford Park last week revived with the utmost success that fine flower of local talent, the burlesque extravaganza "Little Red Robin Hood; or, The Dey and the Knight," written by Messrs. Vivian Matthews and Alick Manley and composed by Mr. Cecil Cook. The piece, which has been brought closely up to date, went with a rush from start to finish. Mr. Alick Manley's Friar Tuck was worthy of any stage, and the performance derived an added interest from the appearance of younger representatives of prominent players. Miss Nicholls, daughter of Mr. Harry Nicholls, played the wife of the Sheriff of Nottingham, and Miss Ida Lytton, daughter of Mr. Henry Lytton of Savoy fame, sustained the title rôle. Poster and pictorial art was represented by Mr. Cecil Aldin, who, as Wat o' the Pastepot, a bill-sticker, looked like one of his own quaint drawings. The Dey (Mr. Strickland Brown) and the Knight (Mr. Charles Wilson) were sufficiently terrific and unholy personages of the East and West, and met with poetical justice in their nefarious schemes against a charming Maid Marian, played by Miss Mabel Archdall. Messrs. Nash, Matthews, Veasy, and Downie ably supported the cast. In a pretty Oriental Ballet Miss Scott danced the *pas seul*. Under Mr. Cook's baton, his rippling and melodious numbers were adequately interpreted by the principals and an efficient orchestra and chorus. Miss Jessie Moore superintended the production.

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Jan. 14, 1903.

Signature.....



## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



DEEP sympathy is felt throughout the Empire with the Royal Family at the present time, for yesterday was the anniversary of the death of their Majesties' beloved elder son, and they spent the day so encompassed with tragic memories in their Norfolk home. Just a week later—that is, on Jan. 22—the whole of the Royal Family in England will be gathered together at Windsor Castle in order to be present at the solemn service in memory of Queen Victoria.

In the United Kingdom, where Memorial Services are the exception rather than the rule, few among us realise how great a part these functions play in the lives of Royal personages; on the Continent, scarce a week goes by but that Royalty attends in State some Memorial Requiem.

*New Ladies-in-Waiting.* Two interesting appointments to the Royal circle have just been made; these are that of Lady Lamington to be Second Lady of the Bedchamber

to the Princess of Wales, in succession to Lady Bradford, resigned, and that of Miss Freda Biddulph as an extra Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Henry of Battenberg. Lady Lamington is, of course, best known as having been one of the most popular of those great ladies who spend a portion of their lives in Greater Britain. Miss Biddulph is the daughter of one of Her late Majesty's most devoted servants; she is clever and accomplished, and has been known to Princess Henry of Battenberg from childhood.

According to popular rumour, Cannes Harbour will soon become the heaving home of King Edward, for during his forthcoming visit to the South of France the British Sovereign will live on board his comfortable and commodious yacht. Cannes has always been a great yachting centre, and it would be difficult to imagine a more delightful place in which to cast anchor for some days. From the harbour the sailor enjoys a view of unique beauty, with the Esterelles to the left, broken by little Monaco, the long line of the French and Italian Riviera to the right, and in front a scene composed of tropical vegetation. The King, who has a keen eye for the beauties of Nature, is said to have declared that Cannes was the beauty-spot of the Riviera.

*Music at Monte Carlo.*

The season of big classical concerts is approaching at Monte Carlo, where, in the theatre, comic opera has given place, after a brief but profitable career, to comedy. Now the *élite* of its patrons can be reckoned upon, there is no further pretence at giving a series of free concerts, but it must be allowed that the forthcoming programme is worth paying for. A very constellation of musical talent has been arranged, and the Casino authorities may boast that they are giving value for money; they cannot always say as much. Paderewski heads the list of solo pianists; Kubelik is the shining light among the violinists, though little Kocian twinkles almost as brightly immediately below him. Moreover, it must be admitted that, in spite of the great outlay by the Municipality of Nice, the best orchestra on the Riviera is the one directed by M. Léon Jéhin, in the service of the Monte Carlo Administration. It is dear, but good, while much that one gets at Monte Carlo is only dear.

*Tennis on the Riviera.*

Tennis is not going to yield its place to golf on the Riviera without a hard struggle. To be sure, golf-links are springing up in many quarters, and Golf Clubs are arranging many of the functions that used to be deemed the exclusive property of Tennis Clubs, but the tennis-players



CANNES HARBOUR, WHERE THE KING'S YACHT WILL BE ANCHORED DURING HIS FORTHCOMING VISIT TO THE RIVIERA.

are fighting hard for their favourite game. The Nice Lawn Tennis Club advertises a wonderful tournament for March, and one of its chief patrons, Mr. Eugene Higgins, has contributed a large sum of money for special prizes. Only the leading players of Europe and America, amateur or professional, are to be invited to take part in the special contest, in which the first prize for amateurs will be worth

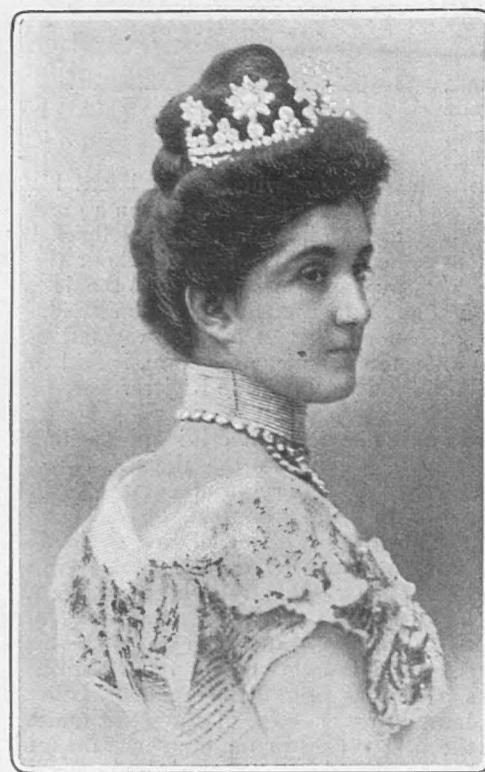
eighty pounds. The games will be played on the earth courts familiar to all lovers of tennis who have played on the Continent, and the rules will be those of the Lawn Tennis Association of England. For the special contest, some fifty of the world's best players will be invited to compete, and, as there are many other events for which they can enter and the Monte Carlo Club will be holding a big tournament about the same time, it is likely that the invitations will be accepted readily.

In these days the personalities of Royal personages are vividly present to the readers of popular periodicals, but curiously little is known of the nature, tastes, and character of the gentle Consort of Victor Emmanuel.

Queen Elena has hitherto been quite overshadowed by her popular mother-in-law, "The Pearl of Savoy." Still, she is now making her way slowly but surely into the hearts of her husband's subjects. She is known to be devoted to her adopted country and to be a model wife and mother. There is something strange in the thought that a Princess brought up amid the wild fastnesses of Montenegro should become the arbiter of taste and fashion in so ancient a civilisation as that of Italy. But Queen Elena has shown herself to be dowered with truly Royal instincts; she goes through her duties as mistress of the Quirinal with composure and grace.

*The late Señor Sagasta.* So Praxedes Mateo Sagasta is no more, and a life of storm and trouble has found a peaceful end, brightened, no doubt, by knowledge of a great task's successful accomplishment. I heard some weeks ago from friends in Madrid that the aged Premier was breaking up very rapidly, and, on the strength of that information, spoke of his impending retirement in these columns. He had an exceptionally difficult career—now the darling of Madrid, now hiding in Paris or London with sentence of death recorded against him. In Sagasta the Queen-Mother loses her most devoted friend. Only once did they have a serious dispute, and that was when the Queen arranged the marriage between her daughter and Don Carlos, the son of the Carlist Count of Caserta. In vain the Premier pleaded the dangers that might arise to the dynasty if King Alfonso died childless. "I have seen too many unhappy marriages in royal circles to oppose a happy one," said the Queen; and then Sagasta resigned his office, and a temporary Cabinet, with General Azcarraga at its head, was arranged to see the marriage through, while General Weyler was deputed to keep the Madrileños in order. Señor Sagasta died as he lived, a poor man, and, considering his opportunities and the country he directed, that is sufficient epitaph.

*President Roosevelt's Courage.* Nobody can deny that the U.S.A. is fortunate in its President. Mr. Roosevelt is a strong man, and he will not countenance the cowardly attacks upon people of colour, attacks that are rampant throughout the States, to the lasting disgrace of all who take part in them. At Indianola, in Mississippi, there was a coloured post-mistress until a few weeks ago. There was no complaint against her work, but the residents objected to her colour and made life so unbearable for her that she had to resign. Thereupon President Roosevelt directed that the Indianola post office should be closed altogether, and that the residents should depend for their post upon the nearest town and get their letters when they could. Moreover, he has communicated his displeasure to the Governor of the Mississippi province, and threatened the most active participants in the affair with prosecution. He has also issued notice to the Press expressing his displeasure and his determination to obtain equal rights for all citizens of the U.S.A. In the present state of public feeling in America, President Roosevelt's action is as plucky as it is honourable and cannot fail to have good effect.



QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY.  
Photograph by Cappa, Naples.

*An Artist in Portraiture.*

Mr. Walter Barnett, of No. 1, Parkside, Knightsbridge, may claim to a certain extent to have revolutionised the art of photographic portraiture. His photographic studies of well-known Society women have about them a curious delicacy and charm, this also while retaining the likeness of his sitters to a remarkable degree. Mr. Barnett has now associated with him as partner Miss Ethel Arnold, a niece of Matthew Arnold and herself a writer of some distinction. It rarely happens that a photographer, however good his work, catches the attention of the great London world so quickly as has done Mr. Barnett. He makes a speciality of tinted portraits, which recall to quite a remarkable extent the colour-prints which were so popular in the eighteenth century.

*A Lovely Royal Sitter.*

Mr. Barnett has been fortunate in securing among his beautiful sitters the lovely Crown Princess of Roumania, undoubtedly the most charming and the best-dressed of future Queens. Her Royal Highness, who is, of course, one of King Edward's many nieces, made quite a long stay in London during the Coronation Season. She has many friends in England, where she is still remembered affectionately under her old name of Princess Marie of Edinburgh.

*Three English Beauties.*

The Countess of Warwick, Lady Maud Warrender, and Mrs. Pawson may claim to be three typical English beauties, for, unlike many pretty women famed for their personal loveliness, they do not seem to have much Irish or Scotch blood in their veins. Lady Warwick this year makes her début in a novel rôle, that of chaperon to a youthful daughter, and who can doubt that she will play the part as charmingly and as cleverly as she does innumerable other rôles? Lady Maud Warrender, who has just been staying at Sandringham, has now been for some time a great favourite at Court, partly owing to her really remarkable musical gifts—indeed, she is said to be the finest amateur singer in Society. Mrs. Pawson is also a member of the smartest of the smart sets. She still wears her bridal honours, but, in spite of her youth, has conquered a considerable place for herself in that world where every woman must be beautiful and every man clever.

*An Imperial Quartette.*

The four little daughters of the Emperor and Empress of Russia are regarded with much sympathetic interest in this country, for it is not forgotten that their Imperial Highnesses are the great-grandchildren of our late revered Sovereign. There seems something strange in the decree of Fate which ordains that the mighty Czar should, so far, be the father of daughters only, while his first-cousin, our own popular Prince of Wales, should be able to point proudly to four little Princes and only one Princess. The day may come when there will be the chance of more than one close Anglo-Russian alliance, for the four Grand Duchesses and the four Princes of Wales are curiously of an

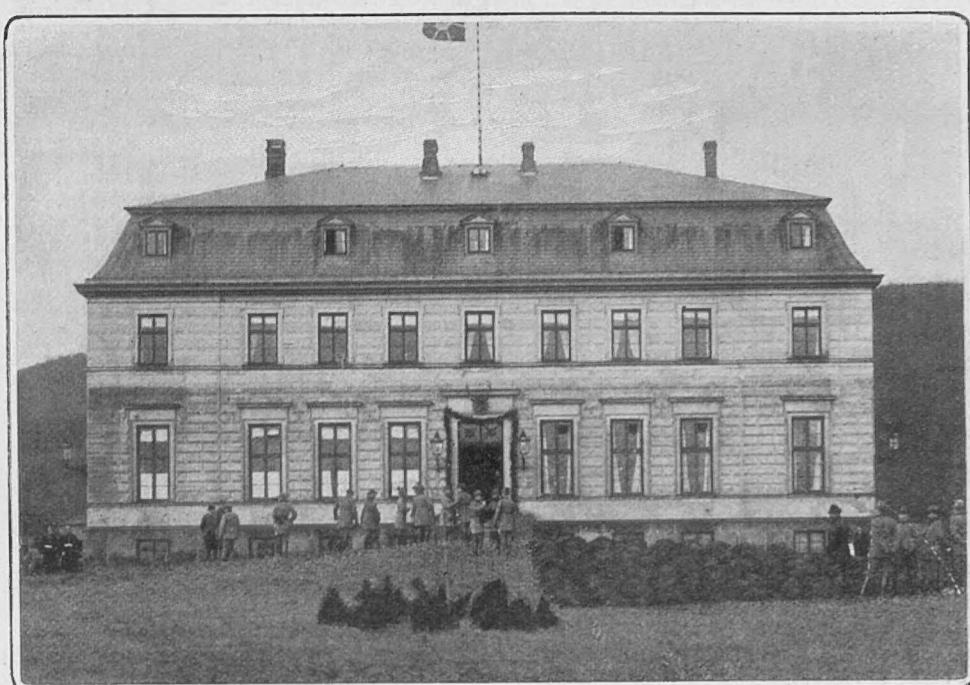


THEIR IMPERIAL HIGHNESSES THE GRAND DUCHESSES OLGA, TATIANA, AND MARIA, DAUGHTERS OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA.

age; in fact, Prince Edward is somewhat older than the Grand Duchess Olga. The Empress of Russia, who is a thoroughly sensible woman, allows her children to live very quiet lives; they spend much of their time out of doors, and so are growing up really healthy, happy little maidens.

*Splendid Springe.* The German Emperor is just now entertaining parties of his friends at Springe, one of the most marvellous hunting-lodges of the world, and which should, it may be whispered, belong by rights to the Duke of Cumberland, for it is situated in Hanover. Springe is surrounded by splendid forests of gigantic beeches, and there take place the wild-boar hunts, mediæval in the danger which attends them and in the scale on which everything is done. Some three hundred wild boars are despatched during the course of two or three days, and the Emperor reserves to himself the right of attacking the most wily and ferocious denizens of the beech-woods. Those English sportsmen who have been privileged to be included in a Springe hunting-party declare that nothing can excel the courtesy of the Imperial host. He does everything in his power to make everyone feel really at home, and he takes good care that his foreign friends shall have picked places, for the word "hunting" is a misnomer in this case, each hunter taking his place in a curious little butt, carefully composed of branches, and so arranged that the wild boar takes it for a bush.

*New Year in Germany.* Germany ushered in the New Year with more than her usual boisterousness (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). In several of her big cities the clash of drawn police-swords



SPRINGE, THE KAISER'S HUNTING-LODGE.

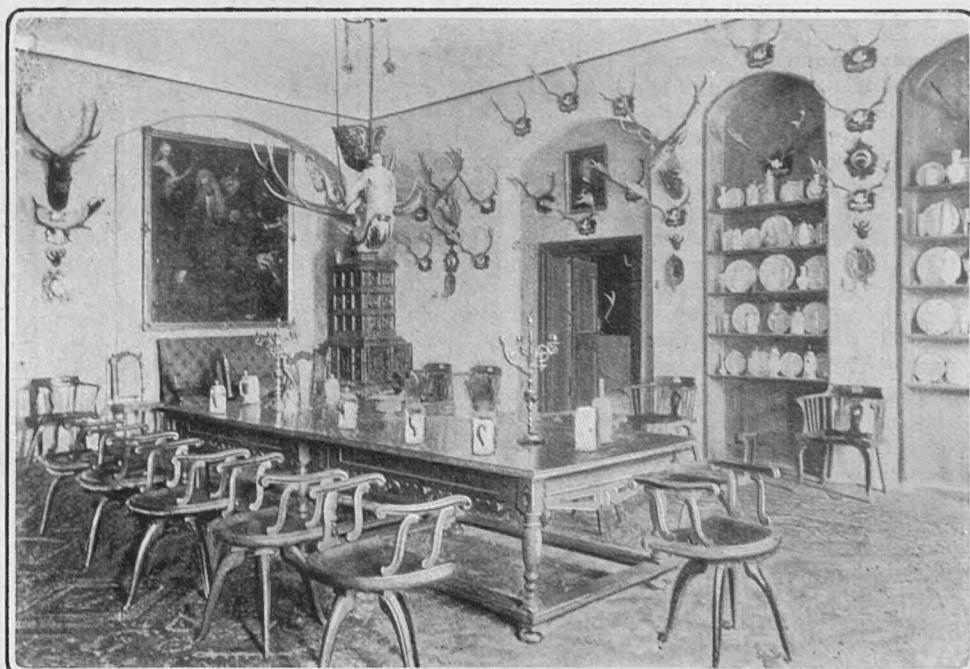
*Photograph by Ziesler, Berlin.*

THE KAISER STICKING A BOAR.

proved the only effective antidote to popular exuberance. The Berliners, after feasting on pancakes and punch—a somewhat expansive form of nutriment, by the way—patrolled the streets until the late hours of the morning. At ten o'clock they reassembled in the Linden Avenue—the Via Triumphalis of Berlin—to watch the picturesque procession of Princeely, Ambassadorial, and Ministerial carriages on its way to the Imperial Palace, where the Emperor and Empress were engaged in receiving the congratulations of the Court. The Emperor addressed the Ambassadors in the "Marine Chamber," and conversed for some time with Sir Frank Lascelles, the popular representative of Great Britain. It was noticed with regret that Sir Frank was suffering from his old enemy, gout; but the attack, I rejoice to hear, has since subsided sufficiently to enable the Ambassador to indulge in his favourite pastime of golf. In the evening of New Year's Day, the Empress gave a small ball for the "juniors" of Berlin Society, while the Emperor attended the banquet of Commanding Generals. All five sons of the Imperial pair danced with the greatest zest. Their Majesties' lunch on New Year's Day, the curious may care to know, is largely provided by the so-called "Halloren"—salt-workers of Halle. The "Halloren" are an exclusive race of Celts and Franks, numbering about eight hundred, and they

enjoy the privilege of congratulating the Royal Family through their deputies on New Year's Day. The deputies, three in number, presented the Imperial Family as they sat at lunch with a poetical address and an offering of sausage and eggs, in return for which they were feasted and enriched with the gift of a flag and a horse from the Royal stables.

*The Crown Prince's Travels.* The German Crown Prince is off to Russia to spend the New Year festivities there with the Russian Imperial pair. The invitation sent to the young Prince by the Emperor Nicholas has caused much satisfaction in Berlin, where it is regarded as evidence of a desire on the part of the Russian Court to imprint in the youthful mind of the German heir a favourable impression of his Eastern neighbour. There is no doubt that the Prince will heartily enjoy himself in St. Petersburg. He has the reputation of possessing a susceptible heart. He gained this reputation from an impulsive exchange of rings with an American lady in England. The rings, I learn, have



THE KAISER'S HUNTING-LODGE: THE SMOKING-ROOM.

since been returned. Indeed, the affair never assumed tragic proportions, for the Prince has the habit of acquiring a fresh attachment at most of the houses he visits. This, after all, is a healthy sign in a youthful Prince.



THE LATE LORD PIRBRIGHT.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

"crown of thorns." It now appears that the tired of the constant friction with the influential Church section of the Berlin Court. The Empress had repeatedly expressed her displeasure with the nature of the performances given under his management. She was particularly vexed with the realistic representation of the love-scenes in Wildenbruch's recent production, "König Laurin," and is reported to have observed in the fourth Act that "one is compelled to blush nowadays when visiting the Royal Theatre." Strauss's opera, "Feuersnot," was also condemned by Her Majesty, who termed it "unknightly." The consequence was that for some weeks the opera was removed from the stage. The Emperor called for explanations from Count Hochberg regarding the acceptance and performance of "Feuersnot." These explanations appear to have been satisfactory, for the opera has now reassumed its position in the répertoire of the Royal stage. But Count Hochberg has resigned.

*The Duchess of Albany.* The Duchess of Albany, after several years' residence in Villa Ingenheim, near the New Palace at Potsdam, which the Emperor placed at her disposal, has now taken up her quarters with the young Duke of Coburg and Princess Alice at the Palace Hotel in Berlin. The Duke is going through a month's course of training in one of the departments of State in the German Capital. The Duchess proposes to leave Berlin for a considerable time before the spring.

He gave renewed evidence of it when at Vienna, and Berlin Society is now curious to learn the character of his Russian devotions. The Prince, after returning from Petersburg, will resume his studies at Bonn. In the Easter recess, he will, however, continue his travels, arrangements having been made for a cruise in the Mediterranean, with halts at Rome and Athens. The Emperor William also intends visiting Rome, but the visit will not fall together with that of the Crown Prince. In Court circles it is expected that King Edward, some time during the summer, will fulfil his intention of visiting the European Courts, and that His Majesty, who owes Berlin a visit, will be the guest of the Emperor William.

The change in the general management of the Royal Opera in Berlin is still a theme of lively gossip. Before leaving the scene of his activities, Count Hochberg, the ex-Intendant-General, delivered a mysterious speech in which he said he was "as healthy as a fish in water," but that his office had become a

*The late  
Lord Pirbright.*

Sincere grief was caused to a wide circle by the announcement last Friday of the death of Lord Pirbright, perhaps better known in the world of international finance as Baron Henry de Worms. Lord and Lady Pirbright, the latter the accomplished and charming sister of Sir George Faudel-Phillips, spent much of their time at their Surrey home, near Guildford. There they have done an immense amount of good, and, in connection with one of their undertakings, they not long ago entertained the King as Prince of Wales. Lord Pirbright was an enthusiastic collector, and both his country place and his town house are full of priceless works of art, including several historic pieces which belonged in the past to Marie Antoinette and to Napoleon.

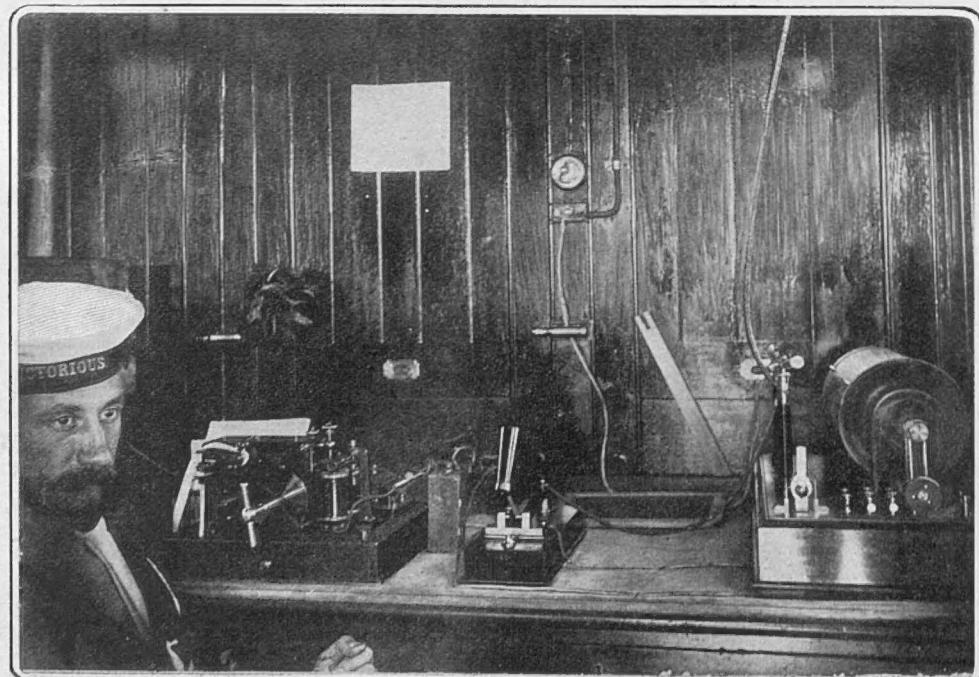
*The Archduke  
Leopold.*

The Emperor Francis Joseph has forbidden the Archduke Ferdinand, whose latest escapade has caused such a scandal throughout Europe, to live in Austria for the future, but it appears that he cannot prevent the Archduke from returning to Hungary and living there if he chooses to do so. The Constitution of the Hungarian Kingdom is very clear on that point, for it is distinctly laid down that no one, not even the Sovereign, has the power to expel a "free Hungarian citizen" from the country. The Emperor will therefore probably make the payment of the allowance to the Archduke contingent on his residing somewhere outside the Austro-Hungarian dominions.

*A Noble Pilgrim.* Although this is not the season of the year when "longen folk to gow on pilgrimages," a noted student of art and literature is undertaking a very interesting journey of a sort that surprises us in these busy days. Count Robert de Montesquieu, a well-known student of modern French literature and author of some notable verse, is going to America to awake an interest among literary folk in the works of certain authors, including Paul Verlaine, Leconte de Lisle, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and Ernest Hello. M. de Montesquieu has no axe to grind and no personal end to serve, but, because he is keenly conscious of the beauty of much modern work that is not well known in America, he is undertaking this pilgrimage and will deliver a series of addresses upon the writers he most admires, seeking no other reward than their increased popularity among understanding people. Surely this is one of the most delicate and genuine tributes to a master that a student can devise.

*Wireless  
Telegraphy.*

Not so long ago, when Signor Marconi's discovery of the feasibility of wireless telegraphy was announced, many sneered openly and most people were dubious as to its efficiency for long-distance messages. Later on it was clearly proved that for communication between vessels at sea, and also for short distances from sea to shore and vice versa, the system was practicable, and afterwards much greater distances were covered. Signor Marconi has for the last few weeks been making experiments at Glace Bay, near Sydney, Cape Breton, and the outcome of these was the triumphant success of the messages sent just before Christmas from Signor Marconi himself to King Edward and the King of Italy, and from the Governor-General of Canada to His Majesty. In the Navy particularly wireless telegraphy has been making headway, and almost all British battleships and cruisers employ the system in a modified form. In the American, French, Russian, German, and Italian Navies, on some Atlantic liners, and at several of Lloyd's signal stations, Signor Marconi's system is also in use, and it may be recalled that it was an Italian cruiser which conveyed the inventor across the Atlantic to Cape Breton in October last.



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN THE NAVY.

*Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.*

*Mrs. Randall Davidson.*

One of the most able and charming of ladies is undoubtedly Mrs. Randall Davidson, wife of the new Primate, and herself the daughter of a former Archbishop of Canterbury. It is indeed a curious turn of fortune which makes her mistress of historic Lambeth, where she spent so many happy years as a girl, and where took place her engagement to the distinguished clergyman who was at the time her father's chaplain and afterwards Bishop of Winchester. There are many allusions to Mrs. Randall Davidson in the Life of Archbishop Tait. The late Queen was much attached to her, and naturally saw a great deal of her at the time when Dr. Randall Davidson was Dean of Windsor—that is, in the years soon after his marriage.

*The Home of the "Cock o' the North."* During the last few days, at any rate, Lord Rosebery might well have arrogated to himself the proud title of "Cock o' the North." All Scotland has taken the deepest interest in the coming-of-age festivities of good-looking Lord Dalmeny, and much gratification has been felt at the fact that the cosmopolitan ex-Premier deliberately chose to celebrate his eldest son's majority in Midlothian and not in London or at Mentmore. Dalmeny, the beautiful seat of the Primrose family, overlooks the Firth of Forth, and thus enjoys one of the most splendid sea-views in the United Kingdom. There Lord Rosebery and his children have of late years entertained a distinguished company of friends, while they have also had many Royal visitors. It is at Dalmeny that Lord Rosebery keeps his chief treasures, especially those artistic marvels collected by himself of late years. There still remains some doubt as to when and where the marriage of Lady Sybil Primrose and Mr. Grant will be celebrated; it is very probable that the wedding will take place shortly after Easter, and in London.

*The Best Man.* Mr. Arthur Balfour, the amiable Chief, came up from Whittingehame to act as best man to his colleague and friend, the Secretary of State for War. To see a Prime Minister in that character was a peculiar excitement for Society at St. George's, Hanover Square. As a rule, the best man himself becomes in course of time a bridegroom. When will the Benedick of Downing Street find his Beatrice? Mr. Brodrick, at whose second marriage he officiated, is only forty-seven; Mr. Balfour himself is in his fifty-fifth year. Perhaps he has vowed to have no other bride than the State, but Cupid laughs at vows of that sort.

*"A Chip of the Old Block."*

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, on account of a fighting speech at Birmingham, has been described as "a chip of the old block." Hitherto, his platform speeches have been summarised in a few lines, but, now that he is a Cabinet Minister and that his father is on tour in South Africa, his words receive prominence, and they deserve it. He shows that, like the Colonial Secretary, he is a clean, hard hitter. There are many points of resemblance between the father and the son. Even the eye-glass is adopted by the Postmaster-General, although his features are not so sharp and searching as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's. The young man also is methodical and industrious and devoted to politics and State affairs. He is just at the age at which his father, after making a fortune and a municipal reputation, entered Parliament. By that age Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was twice a widower. Mr. Austen is still a bachelor.

*"Wisden."**"John Wisden's Cricketers'*

Almanack for 1903" contains its usual well-known features, and is as indispensable as ever to the lovers of cricket. The "Five Cricketers of the Year" whose portraits are given comprise Mr. C. J. Burnup, who will be Captain of the Kent team next season; J. Iremonger, the popular Notts professional and International Association football-player; and the three famous Australians, V. Trumper, W. W. Armstrong, and J. J. Kelly. Mr. W. J. Ford once more deals with Public School cricket; and Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper has compiled a list of "W. G.'s" centuries. In addition to the County matches, "Wisden" contains a variety of interesting information as to those played by the Australians in England and South Africa, the doings of MacLaren's team in Australia, Inter-Colonial

contests in the Antipodes, the tour of the English team in the West Indies, and Cricket in America. Altogether, Mr. Sydney Pardon, the Editor, has reason to feel proud of the fortieth edition of "Wisden."

*Clocks in London.*

One of the greatest needs of London is a properly organised system of public clocks. At present, with the exception of Big Ben and the Law Courts clock, there are no public timekeepers in town, and it is almost impossible for the citizen to check his watch anywhere. The post-office clocks are, as a rule, good enough, but they are placed in inconspicuous positions, and the church clocks are for the most part old and inaccurate. What we want is a series of clocks properly synchronised from Greenwich, placed in the principal streets where everyone can see them.



MRS. RANDALL DAVIDSON, WIFE OF THE NEWLY APPOINTED PRIMATE.

Photograph by the Cameron Office, Wells Street, W.



DALMENY CASTLE, THE LINLITHGOWSHIRE SEAT OF LORD ROSEBERY.

Photograph by Valentine.

*A Charming Bride.* One of the smartest and prettiest of winter weddings was that last week of Lady Muriel Erskine and Major Charles Willoughby. The marriage was, of course, peculiarly interesting to the Scottish section of Society, and there was a great gathering of the clans at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Lady Muriel was given away by her father, Lord Buchan, and Lady

Buchan held a reception at Lady Molesworth's house in Great Cumberland Place. A pretty feature of the wedding was the group of youthful bridesmaids, each wearing a white gown and a wreath of green leaves, the prettiest being the Duchess of Sutherland's little daughter, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower. A brilliant touch of colour was afforded in the church by a detachment of the Scots Guards lining the aisle. Major Willoughby is a distinguished officer, and he still bears traces of the hard two years spent by him in South Africa during the recent campaign.

The engagement of Lord Cardigan to Miss Madden, a youthful Irish beauty,

is interesting to military and general society. The eldest son and heir of the Marquis of Ailesbury carries on the great military traditions of his family; he fought with signal valour in South Africa, and it will be remembered that the seventh bearer of his name, the Lord Cardigan of his day, led the famous Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. Lord Ailesbury is the fortunate owner of splendid Savernake, one of the most magnificent country places in the kingdom and about the

possession of which a great trial took place some years ago. Lord Cardigan may in time play a certain political rôle. He is very clever and cultivated, holds views concerning Army Reform, and knows more of foreign countries and opinions than do most elder sons.

Tolstoi is one of the few modern dreamers of dreams who absolutely live up to their theories. We are able to present of him a very striking and characteristic portrait, showing him in his daily habit of life—that is, in his peasant costume. The painting is by the famous Russian portrait-painter, Riepine, and is said to be the best ever done of the author of "Resurrection." Tolstoi is generous in his appreciation of the work of others. He was one of the first to recognise the genius of R. L. Stevenson, and of the latter's books he most admired "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He often receives English visitors, and all his children speak our language perfectly.

In a short time another relic of Georgian London will have disappeared. The Bath Hotel, at the corner of Arlington Street and Piccadilly, is to be given over to the house-breaker, to make room for a more modern type of hotel.



LADY MURIEL ERSKINE.  
Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.



COUNT TOLSTOI.

The Bath was one of those comfortable, old-fashioned, rambling hotels in which our grandfathers delighted, and was greatly patronised by the country gentry, especially from the West of England. Of late years, it has been dwarfed by the huge buildings erected to the west of it, and its steep slate roofs and irregular outline and the verandah which ran along its front marked it out, even to the most careless passer-by, as a house which, like the squires who used to frequent it, had seen its more glorious days in the past.

*The King's New Motor-Car.*

The King has just ordered a new motor-car for shooting purposes, and the machine will be on exhibition at the forthcoming Show at the Crystal Place. The car is of English make, and is a 22 horse-power Daimler of the four-cylinder type, with a wheel base of ten feet. Under the seats will be fitted special cartridge-boxes made of leather and bound with brass, and above will be a canopy for carrying light luggage. The King has already got a 12 horse-power loaders' car at Sandringham which has done excellent service.

*The Retirement of Mr. Inderwick.* By Mr. Inderwick's acceptance of the position of Commissioner in Lunacy, an acceptance which necessitates his retirement from practice, the Bar in general and the Divorce Court Bar in particular loses one of its most polished and accomplished advocates. Mr. Inderwick, who has been



MR. F. A. INDERWICK, K.C., APPOINTED COMMISSIONER IN LUNACY  
IN PLACE OF MR. C. S. BAGOT, RESIGNED.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

aptly described as a walking digest of divorce laws, and who most recently came prominently before the public eye during the *cause célèbre* of a week or two ago, has a legal career extending over a period of five-and-forty years, and since he took silk in 1874 has figured in almost every important case before the Court of which he was leader. A man of letters, as well as one of the ablest lawyers of the day, he is responsible for a number of important volumes, notably works on the Stuart period and the Commonwealth—the "Interregnum," as he prefers to call it—and the Records of the Inner Temple, to the editing of the last of which he devoted five years. Municipal government has also occupied a portion of his time, and he has thrice been Mayor of Winchelsea, as Baron of which Cinque Port he attended the Coronation.

*Miss Lilian Wheeler.*

Miss Lilian Wheeler is an Australian who has secured for herself a very enviable position in the Australian theatrical world. When engaged by Mr. Frohman, she was practically at the head of her profession there. Miss Wheeler comes from Victoria and has had to make her own way in the world, she having lost her people when quite a child. She graduated from the University of Melbourne, and, to enable her to gain her footing in the theatrical world, she was obliged to teach at a school for some considerable time. When she got her chance, however, her promotion came very rapidly, and in three years she had reached the top of the tree. Miss Wheeler is described as a very beautiful woman, tall, athletic, and a dashing horsewoman.

## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*Confetti Warned off.* I hear from a well-informed source that M. Lépine, the Prefect of Police, is firmly opposed to the throwing of confetti for the Carnivals of Mardi Gras and Mi-Carême (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). His reason is very logical. All the confetti and serpentins simply float down the Seine and Marne and render the lawns of the riparian villas eyesores for months. Apart from this paper snowstorm disaster, another great strike in beauty looks like taking place. The various markets are quarrelling over trade questions and refuse to elect their Queens for the Mi-Carême. I suppose that everything, as is usual in France, will end with a song.

It will be a thousand pities if the effort of the Gymnase to cleanse the Augean theatrical stables of Paris does not succeed. At the very moment when the Comédie-Française produces a play of such questionable morality as "L'Autre Danger," M. Franck puts on "Le Secret de Polichinelle," by Pierre Wolff. It is absolutely Robertsonian, and without one single suspicion of the too popular type of play. It deals with simple loves among simple folk, and there is a tender, sympathetic interest. The return of Anna Judic after a long repose was the feature of the evening, and as magnificently as ever did she play.

Coquelin leaves the Porte-Saint-Martin and goes on tour; Réjane also leaves the Vaudeville, and it was very late in the season when Sarah Bernhardt came back. The Parisians are asking why they are treated in this cavalier fashion by their stars. In the old days there were Continental tours only during the interval of the Grand Prix in June and the re-opening of the racing in September. Now, the weight of foreign gold has changed all this. A bow, a nod of recognition, fifty performances of an old or, maybe, a new play, and the great of the stage turn their back on Paris and wander the world over. There is no excuse that the Parisian is less a theatre-goer than in the old days. Given a success, the booking-office is bombarded and money turned away every night. As things stand at present, the popular artistes would seem to use Paris as a sampling-ground for their travelling stock. They know that the Paris critics will leave them in doubt as to the probable fate of a piece, and their idea seems to be to experiment and experiment until they have a full hand of touring successes. But this is hardly what the Paris stage was intended for.

*Hanotaux Disappears.* A French Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, with whom Lord Rosebery had many knotty points to settle, disappears from public life by his defeat in the Senatorial elections. He seemed at one time to be stepping towards the Presidency of the Republic. He was a great favourite of the Czarina's, and when, on her visit to Paris six years ago, she was entertained by the Académie Française, she

openly expressed the hope that he would become one of the "Immortal Forty," which he did at the first opportunity. The most was made by his enemies of a little escapade with a lady in Algiers, which ended in a scandal, and he seems to be relegated.

*"The Duel in the Snow."* I have no intention of trespassing on the grounds of my London colleagues, but I met Paul Martinetti this week, and, with flashing eyes and many gestures, he told me of the wonders of "The Duel in the Snow" as the London Empire would show it. He told me that it had been

the one dream of his life to see this spectacle properly mounted, and the Empire was doing more than he had hoped for—the Grand Staircase of the Opera on a balmassqué night, followed by the Opera House in turmoil, with confetti-throwing and serpentins whizzing, and, finally, the duel on Longchamps Racetrack. The death-scene of Pierrot will be strangely pathetic. As his eyes close, the vision of the Opera Ball, still in mad frolic, will be portrayed as in a dream.

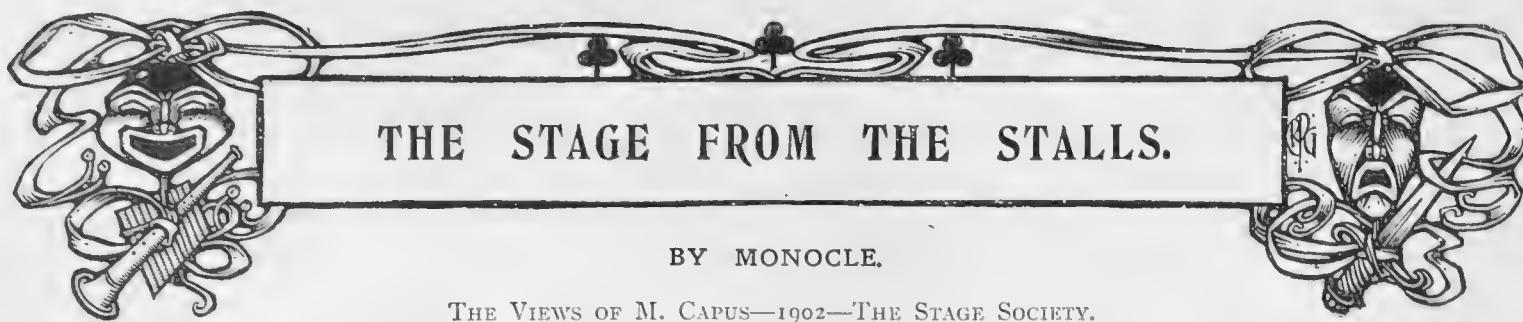
Everyone knows the French custom of fêting Old Christmas Day. There is a cake—a big cake—resembling a pancake, which is carefully cut into sections. In one lies "le roi," which in the old days consisted of a baby in a sabot. This year the bakers have replaced it by a pig, the French emblem of good luck. The privileges of the happy finder allow him to select with authority his bride.

One hears but little of President Loubet. Unlike Félix Faure, he passes without escort in the street, and is always simple in his private life. But during the last fortnight he has staggered Parisians. In a sort of seasonable feeling, he has pardoned all the automobilists and all the cabmen for offences to the detriment of the public safety. Surely some other virtue might have been rewarded.



Mlle. LIANE DE POUGY.  
Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

the close season begins nearly a month earlier than in the British Isles, so far as partridges are concerned. It is also worthy of note that French legislation protects hares and does not inflict upon them the terrors of our Game Act. In France, cock-pheasants have been fetching as much as six shillings in the shops, and the hen-birds have sometimes cost five. Partridges, too, have been fetching rather more money than in England. Game-dealers and restaurateurs in France complain bitterly about the early arrival of the close season, because it impoverishes their menu, and there are considerable restrictions upon the importation of game from abroad; the frozen birds that come so readily to Great Britain from Russia are not seen in France. I think that the increased price of game in France is due to the number of shooting-men. They skin the poor lands, and on the big estates owners give away a large part of their bag, and so leave very little, comparatively speaking, for the market. Things have gone from bad to worse of late years.



THE question as to the ending of a play, to which I referred last week in speaking about Pinero, has been working in the minds of some of the French critics, and M. Alfred Capus has been drawn on the subject. He (we all know) is for the present the most popular dramatist of France, and "La Châtelaine," although unamiable phrases crawled across the Channel, is treated as the big success of the season. According to M. Capus, best known to us by a pair of naughty plays, "Les Deux Ecoles" and "La Veine," at which we did not blush because they were in French, the ending of a play is not a matter of great importance. The public, if his view be correct, is too anxious to get away from the theatre to care whether the last five minutes brings something tragic, or the traditional French "Oncle d'Amérique," or the forced reconciliation, or discovery of a strawberry-mark, or other "happy-ever-after" conclusions.

Perhaps M. Capus is not quite sincere; certainly he underrates his own powers when he suggests that the fate of his characters interests the public so little. It is hard to believe that our playgoers, although quaint laws curtail their hour for supping after the theatre, and make the rush for the last bus or train an important matter, are not profoundly affected by the last five minutes or so. An alternative ending was contrived for "The Profligate," and also, I think, for "Ben-my-Chree," and probably other plays, because we hate the thought of misery to creatures of the theatre, although we are stoical as to the sorrows of thousands in real life, to whom the price we pay for a stall would bring food for many days. Apparently in the British public there is a kind of childish sentimentalism which makes us look upon a tragic ending as a breach of the laws of the game and regard an indeterminate conclusion as an abomination. This weakness, whatever M. Capus may say, is not confined to us, for pressure in the theatres has caused M. Maurice Donnay to falsify somewhat the conclusion of his piece, "L'Autre Danger," and make it finish by what one may call a hint of a sham, sentimental version of the last episode in de Maupassant's hideous book, "Bel Ami." What a wonderful testimony to the power of make-belief possessed by an otherwise unimaginative public is an admission of the necessity for a happy ending! Despite what I have said, the author of "La Petite Fonctionnaire" and the other pieces I have mentioned shows no signs of a willingness to harrow his audience or leave it in the state of uncertainty agreeable to the hero of Huysmans' remarkable book, "A Rebours," who desired "agitating uncertainty, about which he could dream until, at his own wish, he made it more vague or more definite, according to the temporary state of his soul."

Writers are busy at this season making a kind of audit of the theatrical events of the past year, to see whether it has been fruitful or not. Some have droll ideas. One of the most popular theatrical papers seems to think that the year has been brilliant because there have been some great successes, and that the fact that there have been some great successes proves that the so-called superior person is a fool. It is, perhaps, worth while to consider for a moment what have been the great successes, judging simply by the length of run. Before, however, doing this, I cannot help drawing the attention of optimists to one remarkable fact, which is that the New Year finds us with several theatres empty which are generally treated as West-End houses. The Lyceum, the Court, the Royalty, and Terry's are shut, and no evening performance has been given in them for some weeks. The Criterion is closed for repairs, the Shaftesbury is only open for afternoon entertainments. Not long ago, all these houses were occupied, and with them the Globe and the Opéra-Comique, which have been pulled down, to say nothing of the Princess's, which, however, of late years has not charged West-End prices. The "not long ago," I believe, does not go back so far as to a time before the newest theatre, Wyndham's, was open. There is matter to think about in this; it suggests, at least, notwithstanding the contentment of the inferior person, that there is something unsatisfactory in the present state of affairs.

When we consider last year and the length of the runs, the matter grows more marked. Two pieces ran through the whole of 1902, "A Chinese Honeymoon," produced in October of the year before, and "The Toreador," about four months older. No other work now running is twelve months old, but "A Country Girl," first played on Jan. 18, has nearly reached its anniversary. "Three Little Maids" is eight months of age, and, except "Mice and Men," no work given in 1902 ran as long as the life of the "Three Little Maids." Consequently, as far as proof goes, the greatest popularity rests with these four musico-dramatic pieces. It may be added that "The Girl from Kay's" seems likely to be long-lived, but that "Merrie England," the only one of the collection which, as drama, is coherent, or, as music, has claims to

serious consideration, is the least successful, although its Company is stronger in singing, acting, and dancing than the others. The demonstrated "legitimate" success of the year was the pretty piece of sentimentality called "Mice and Men," which had a run of nearly eleven months. The plays that promise to enjoy triumphs and are so successful that there is no talk of their successors are "Quality Street" and "The Admirable Crichton," two works by Mr. Barrie, and "The Marriage of Kitty," which have rewarded the persistent efforts of Mr. Frohman to thrive in London. It is common talk that one play by Mr. H. A. Jones, "Chance, the Idol," only ran six weeks, whilst "The Princess's Nose" was by no means a triumph for him, and that Pinero and Carton have not been represented by a new piece. I had forgotten "If I were King," which now is over four months old, and, I understand, drawing good houses; yet the theatrical newsmongers are already squabbling as to the authenticity of the announcement as to its successor. One of the successes of last year was the mechanical farce, "The Little French Milliner," given for more than six months.

A twelvemonth has seen productions of "Pilkerton's Peerage," by Anthony Hope, "The Bishop's Move," by "John Oliver Hobbes" and Murray Carson, "My Lady Virtue," by Mr. H. V. Esmond, to say nothing of an intercalary season of naughty, amusing plays by M. Capus, and of pieces presented by Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt at the Garrick Theatre. Consequently, it may be taken that there has been no prodigious success at this house. Even the Haymarket Theatre seems a little to have lost grip, seeing that "Frocks and Frills," "There's Many a Slip," and "The Unforeseen" were all produced in 1902. Of course, the last-named is still running. His Majesty's has seen the beginning and end of "Ulysses," produced in February, and of the run of "The Merry Wives," which was over in time to allow "The Eternal City" to be presented seven months after the birth of Mr. Phillips's play. We have all rejoiced in the success of Mr. Alexander's pluck in producing "Paolo and Francesca" on March 7, but it only carried him to the end of the summer season. Glancing, then, at this imperfect but not unfair record, one finds that only "Mice and Men" has had a demonstrated success comparable with that of the musico-undramatic works, and that Mr. J. M. Barrie is the only British dramatist of proved importance who has had works produced during 1902 that appear likely to reach this standard of success; and we notice, into the bargain, that quite a surprising number of houses are seeking tenants. It is difficult to refrain from drawing certain conclusions from this curious state of things. Perhaps the most obvious is that a line of demarcation between the "entertainment-seekers" and the "playgoers" is becoming clearly defined, and that the majority of patrons of the theatres belong to the former class, which is being more ingeniously catered for than in former days; and also that the success of the "legitimate" is chiefly not in cases where it draws the mass of unhabitual playgoers, but when it succeeds in attracting the "entertainment-seekers." Obviously, the proposition is not universally true; yet it seems sufficiently correct to make it a serious question for managers of "legitimate" houses whether, as a policy, they are to bid for a patronage of the "entertainment-seekers" or endeavour to get the lucrative successes by increasing the number of "playgoers" and tapping the mass of the public curious concerning the stage but not willing to spend time and money to see the merely mechanical, well-built piece.

It seems worth while to consider for a moment the performances of an exceptional character, such as those given by the Stage Society, which, apparently, has had a very successful season. The record of the third season shows the production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," by "G. B. S." ; of "The Marrying of Ann Leete," by Mr. Granville Barker; of a translation of M. de Curel's play, "La Nouvelle Idole"; of Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea"; and, lastly, of "Monna Vanna," by Maeterlinck, the prohibition of which staggered the civilised world and injured the production of a noble and by no means revolutionary drama. Perhaps none of these would appeal to the "entertainment-seeker," whom I have ventured to distinguish from the "playgoer" without pretending to suggest anything like the scorn launched on the so-called "superior" person. Clearly, the "entertainment-seeker" has the fullest right to be catered for, and the pity is that the line cannot be more definitely drawn and that the parties on each side are not more tolerant. Meanwhile, one must regard the Stage Society as an interesting and valuable institution, which deserves support because it gives an opportunity to curious people of seeing something of the non-insular drama as written by foreigners and Britons; probably, like the Independent Theatre Society and its work, it will have a substantial, if not obvious, effect on our own theatre.



MISS LILIAN WHEELER, A BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIAN ACTRESS.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")

*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*

## A MELODRAMATIC IN MAKING: SOME USEFUL INGREDIENTS.

FAMILIARITY breeds contempt, and even an old friend may wear out his welcome. Thus it is that certain orthodox stage characters have become too familiar, or we are educated above their acquaintance. Nowadays, instead of, as they were wont to do in the past, arousing an audience to earnest enthusiasm, they too frequently incur the laugh of derision.

Take the Hero first, familiar to melodrama. Ever lived such a credulous and illogical individual? He will at once believe the first stupid falsehood which anyone may speak against the woman he professes to love best in the world, and subsequently talk and behave like a born idiot. With his eyes open, he walks straight into obvious traps, and, because he becomes the victim of natural consequences, rails against Fate and becomes blasphemous.

Your sympathy, please, for the Heroine. I have a sneaking regard for this lady, principally, I fancy, on account of her being made to suffer so much. She has a great predilection for door-steps, and is particularly fond of wandering around bareheaded and sparsely clothed, in inclement weather, with her "little one." Although in a state of extreme destitution, she invariably contrives to walk about in swagger high-heeled shoes. Probably she does this in remembrance of former affluence. Speaking generally, she is a most inoffensive creature and does

THE HERO'S CONTEMPT: "I DEFY YOU! DO YOUR WORST!"

not knowingly do anybody any harm; this does not, however, prevent her from being extensively persecuted.

Now, the Villain, I, for one, will not forgive. In inconsistency, he is second only to the Hero. He forces his "love" upon a woman who plainly tells him it is not desired, that, in point of fact, her heart is already occupied by another. He rarely gets what he desires and schemes for, and only what he invariably deserves at the end of the chapter. With so many women about, it is astonishing how he will adhere to the one who doesn't want him. Sometimes there is money in the case—he is usually a dreadfully mercenary individual—and he will stop at nothing to get at it. He is very successful at laying traps which fail at the critical moment, and always has a following of "creatures." The latter he is able to pay, whether he has money or not: it is one of the mysteries of his existence. He is very clever at chuckling, which usually follows something cruel or unpleasant he may have said or done. For instance, he may have the Heroine strapped helpless over a ton of dynamite, arranged to explode in a few minutes, and will leave her with the remark, "In a few minutes, my lady, you will be blown to molecules—Ha, ha, ha!" (chuckle). There's no sense in it, but he is largely irresponsible. I think we can afford to leave him to his own dirty work, and pass on.

"His name! His name, I say!" You will have no difficulty in recognising that as emanating from the Father of the over-confiding and



THE HERO'S CONTEMPT: "I DEFY YOU! DO YOUR WORST!"



THE ADVENTURESS GAZES AT HER "WORK."

betrayed girl. He is very jealous of the honour of his House, having been a bit of a rake in his youth and knowing by experience what "things are." He confronts the girl and demands the name of her betrayer. She, woman-like, refuses to divulge it, whereupon he proceeds to behave like a monster. "Out of my house! You're no child of mine!" he exclaims; and out she has to go, neck and crop. He hasn't a notion what she will do for a living, and he doesn't much care. He sits at home and nurses his "grief." He deserves a good kicking, and it is a miscarriage of justice that he doesn't get it.

The stage Adventuress is one of the most transparent frauds ever created. Yet she works her despicable will on the Hero with the simplicity of A B C. That, however, is due to his credulity and not her ingenuity. She spends most of her time in smoking cigarettes and telling silly lies that nobody but a born idiot or a denizen of Stageland would believe for a moment. She has always a "past," entangled usually with that of the Villain, with whom she plots. She parades her callousness and mercenary motives so prominently as to become a veritable living danger-signal. She either comes to grief in the end by means of her own intrepidity, turns virtuous through the medium of her own bad example, or disappears, laughing defiantly, into intangible obscurity. Nobody ever desires her return.

There is a certain Frenchman who is never met with beyond the borders of Stage-land. If found in France, he would probably be put in irons as a dangerous lunatic. He gets himself up like a Jack-in-the-Green, poses and attitudinises like a man afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, and speaks a language peculiar to himself. His presence is rarely, if ever, justified; sometimes he is oppressively polite, at others mysteriously subtle. He periodically emits remarks about "perfidious Albion," like a reptile ejecting venom, usually apropos of nothing and to nobody's apparent concern. He frets his little hour and goes out like a damp squib.

Stage sailors are continually "hoisting their slacks"; sea sailors rarely do so. The former are, therefore, interesting, if only on account of this peculiarity. They are always employing extravagant oaths, talking contemptuously of "land-lubbers," and boasting of the enormous quantity of liquor they can take "on board." In fact, nearly every other word they utter has some reference to "shop." However morally bad they may be themselves, they always stand up strenuously for virtue, and they will forego a great deal of pleasure to get "one in" at the Villain. It matters nothing that the latter has no personal difference with them—they will do it on principle. Altogether, they are tolerable, sometimes amusing.

Frankly, the Sisters of the Music Halls are an uncompromising nuisance, and the Juvenile Artiste might be placed in the same category. The former are usually remarkable only for their facility in murdering the King's English and destroying harmony, for their innuendo or blatant indecency. This, with whirling skirts and obtrusive calves, is a poor substitute for ability. In the case of the Serio it is much the same thing, except sometimes more so. No doubt, some juvenile performers are, taking age into consideration, rather clever; but it is the kind of cleverness that is best confined to the nursery.

The Miser of melodrama is a remarkable personage. He is usually very painstaking in making it apparent to those most interested that he has an abundance of portable wealth in his possession, and that it is one of the simplest things in life, with the aid of a little violence, to obtain possession of it. He will wander about in his shirt-sleeves, hugging his gold, and snarling and snapping at all and sundry like a dog with rabies. He usually dies as he has lived, miserably, and everybody feels satisfied that it serves him right.

There are many other stage characters equally remarkable in their way and in comparison with real life. These include the Lawyer, who frames special laws for himself and friends; the extravagant Yankee, too wily for words, usually found in the purlieus of Musical Comedy; the pert Servant-girl, the Flunkey, the weeping and the garrulous Old Woman. It is a very distorted mirror in which such creatures can be seen reflected.



THE HEAVENLY BOY OF MELODRAMA.

## A MELODRAMA IN MAKING: SOME USEFUL INGREDIENTS.



THE STAGE SAILOR.

THE VILLAIN'S MALEDICTION:  
"YOU SHALL SUFFER FOR THIS!"

THE MISER.



THE PERT SLAVEY: "SEE ANY GREEN?"

THE HEAVY FATHER: "HIS NAME!  
HIS NAME, I SAY!"THE SISTERS JUJUBE IN THEIR  
FAMOUS SKIRT-ACT.THE FRENCHMAN: ENCOUNTERED  
ONLY IN STAGELAND.THE FLUNKEY: A MAN OF MANY  
PARTS.THE YANKEE: TOO WILY FOR  
WORDS.

## MISS EVELYN MILLARD,

TOGETHER WITH SOME PARTICULARS OF LITTLE MISS URSULA.

THERE is a popular impression that a leading lady, especially if she has achieved the distinction of being one of those at the very top of the tree and to have her services in constant demand, is what the French would call *difficile*—a little inclined to give herself airs and graces.

Were all leading ladies like Miss Millard, such an idea would never have been born, or, having come into existence through other



MISS EVELYN MILLARD "MAKING UP" FOR HER PART IN  
"THE UNFORESEEN" AT THE HAYMARKET.

people, it would soon die were the general public able to become acquainted with her, for she has a delightful simplicity of manner and an utter lack of self-consciousness; as well as a shrinking from talking about herself. Perhaps her innate reasons for this are intensified by the fact that she was once made to suffer a good deal at the hands of an interviewer whose genius should rather have been employed as a writer of fiction than of fact, which alone is, or ought to be, the material with which the personal journalist should deal.

In the early days of her career, the young actress was astonished to find that there was in some quarters a marked feeling about her, and that that feeling was not of the most cordial character. At last, a friend, more kind than candid friends usually are, told Miss Millard that the cause of the feeling which she had remarked was due to an interview in which she had said certain things. "But I never said anything of the sort," replied the actress, and, getting the paper containing the alleged interview, she found in it the largest number of misstatements that could be crammed into the space.

It need hardly be stated that Miss Millard is an enthusiast on the subject of the stage. It had been assumed that, having married, she would withdraw from a public life which makes demands that are for the most part incompatible with a social career. Miss Millard had and has no intention of doing anything of the kind. Her present ambition is, indeed, to find a strong modern play and produce it at a series of matinées—a play that for some reason might hardly be expected to make money if produced in the ordinary way for a run at night, yet a work which would give fine opportunities for acting. Where it will come from is, however, a question, for Miss Millard has no play of the sort in her possession just now.

Whether this temporary form of management, if it does come to pass, will be the precursor of a more permanent theatrical enterprise is a question which the future will decide, though, as long as engagements are offered with parts which Miss Millard is delighted to play, there would seem to be no reason for her to undertake the worry and responsibility which the management of a theatre must inevitably involve. At the present time, Miss Millard is particularly pleased at being associated with "The Unforeseen," and regards her selection to fill Miss Winifred Emery's place in Captain Marshall's play at the Haymarket as a great compliment.

It has been an open secret for some time that Miss Millard wishes to appear in London in what may be considered the four test parts in the Shaksperian drama, Juliet and Portia, Beatrice and Rosalind, and a step in that direction was taken when she played Francesca in Mr. Stephen Phillips's play, "Paolo and Francesca," at the St. James's, widely different though that was from the characters above named. Strange as it may seem in an actress who has so much technique at her command, Miss Millard has never had to go through the weary grind of small parts in London. Her early training at home, coupled with a few months under the late Miss Thorne at Margate, enabled her to be selected to play the leading character in "Sophia" and other plays which have been associated with the name of Miss Kate Rorke. As soon as she was seen at the Grand Theatre, Islington, she was at once engaged for the leading part in "The Trumpet Call," at the Adelphi, and was there associated with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whom, curiously enough, she followed as leading lady at the St. James's with Mr. Alexander and at His Majesty's with Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Her London career, indeed, may be said to have been bound up with three or four theatres, and, except in two short and almost holiday tours with Mr. Alexander and Mr. Tree, she has never acted out of the West-End.

Perhaps her chief success, so far, has been won as Lady Ursula; not because she played it better than she has played other parts, but because practically the whole weight of the piece rested on her shoulders, and she proved how easily she could carry it. Two very interesting memorials of that performance are preserved at her home, a large photograph of the girl in her boy's dress on one of the staircases, and an oil-painting by Mr. Richard Jack in the costume worn by Lady Ursula as herself which hangs in the dining-room.

So important a personage in the household of the actress as her little daughter, Miss Coulter, it would naturally be expected should appear in the pictorial interview. So she undoubtedly would but that at the present time she is sojourning in a pleasanter climate than London can offer.

If it is difficult to get Miss Millard to talk about herself, it is far easier to get her to speak about her little daughter, who is named after the heroine of "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." Miss Ursula is, indeed, her mother's hobby at the present time, a statement which will be appreciated by mothers in general, and by mothers of an only child, and that a daughter, in particular. The smallest detail connected with that little damsel's welfare and comfort engages her mother's closest



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

attention and is given her warmest consideration. Before she is much older, Miss Ursula will be the possessor of a model nursery which art and science will go hand in hand to provide, and her mother is already planning the method by which she will become the most accomplished young woman it will be possible to meet.

## “THE SKETCH” PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXVIII.—MISS EVELYN MILLARD.



“NOW, WHAT CAN I TELL YOU?”



“MY ART TREASURES? WITH THE GREATEST PLEASURE.”



“I LOVE MY LONDON HOME, ESPECIALLY IN WINTER.”

“WE GET A GLORIOUS VIEW OF THE PARK FROM THIS WINDOW.”

*Photographed exclusively for “The Sketch.”*

## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

## XXII.—MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, for so long the London home of the King and Queen, and soon to be the town house of the Prince and Princess of Wales, has claims to historical as well as purely personal interest. Built in 1709 for the famous soldier and schemer, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, then at the height of his power, it was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, and occupies the site of the old pheasant-walk of St. James's Palace and a part of the garden of the Right Hon. Henry Boyle, Anne's Principal Secretary of State, let to the Duchess for fifty years in consideration of a very nominal yearly rental. The town mansion of the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham was selected as a model, but we find Defoe stating in his "Journey through England" that "The palace of the Duke of Marlborough is in every way answerable to the grandeur of its master. Its situation is more confined than that of the Duke of Buckinghamshire, but the

His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, in such manner that he may have and enjoy the same immediately after he shall have attained the age of eighteen years, and thenceforth, during the term of the joint lives of Her Majesty and his said Royal Highness."

From that time until it was required for the heir to the Throne, the house was used as a temporary resting-place for the collection of pictures bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Vernon.

Between the days of the first Duchess and the day when the King entered into possession, in 1863, comparatively few alterations were made in the structure. The third Duke added a second storey and renewed the apartments on the ground-floor; the fourth Duke erected a riding-school where the stables now stand; and in 1859 certain necessary repairs were made, at a cost of fifteen thousand pounds; but it was not until the near approach of the Prince's wedding made it necessary that sweeping alterations were begun. Since then, the



THE SUMMER-HOUSE, A FAVOURITE PLAY-GROUND OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

Photograph by H. N. King, London.

body of the house is much nobler, more compact, and the apartments better composed." The foundation-stone bears the inscription—

Laid by  
Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough,  
May ye 24<sup>th</sup> 1709  
June ye 4<sup>th</sup> 1709

and, the building proceeding with great rapidity, the house was ready for occupation by the middle of 1711. In it Marlborough lived to outlive both his fame and his strength of mind, and in it his imperious Duchess, who, after his death, resided in semi-retirement, now at Wimbledon, now at Windsor, now at Blenheim, died in 1744.

By her will, the residue of the Crown lease was left in trust for the second Duke, and it remained in the possession of her descendants until the early part of the last century, when it was occupied by the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, afterwards providing a home for the Queen Dowager Adelaide.

On July 26, 1850, Lord John Russell, as Prime Minister, read a message from the Crown in the House of Commons. "Her Majesty, being desirous that the mansion called Marlborough House should be appropriated as the residence of H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, after he shall have attained eighteen years of age, has recommended to her faithful Commons to enable her to make such provision as may most effectually accomplish the said purpose." An Act was passed during the following month making it lawful for the Queen to grant the house and appurtenances "to, or in trust for,

value of the property, which at present is assessed at £4439, has been considerably increased by the expenditure of at least fifty thousand pounds.

Marlborough House has been said to resemble a country mansion, and the description is an apt one. Set in delightful, shady grounds, it is even to-day quiet and retired, and it is easy to imagine how far removed from the bustle of the town it must have seemed when "it was shut in upon two sides by a grove of chestnut-trees, its west front open to the gardens of the Palace, its south to the Park, then private."

It is hardly necessary to state that the mansion is rich in pictures and articles of historical interest, notably the series of paintings by Laguerre of the battles which made the victor of Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Ramillies, and the rest, famous; and now, as the Prince and Princess of Wales are going into residence, the many gifts, curious and costly, presented to them when, as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, they made their tour of the "British Dominions Beyond the Seas," a collection rivalling that made by the King during his visit to India. In the drawing-room hang copies of Winterhalter's pictures of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.

In all, Marlborough House contains over a hundred rooms, and covers, with its gardens, as nearly as possible four acres and three-quarters. The ground-floor is entirely given up to State apartments, the first floor to the private apartments of the Royal occupants and their guests, the second floor to the Royal children, and the third floor to the servants.

## BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE: THE GARDEN FRONT.



A PRETTY VIEW OF THE GROUNDS.

*Photographs by H. N. King, London.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

PIERRE LOTI'S style retains its winning charm. He never wrote anything more beautiful and more characteristic than his last article, which describes a visit to the old town of Pondicherry. Pondicherry, however, is a town of the past, is without trade, without modern improvements, and without visitors. Loti's first impressions on arriving were these—

Oh, the melancholy of entering this remote and charming little town, where sleeps, between old walls, a whole French past! Little streets much like our own in our most tranquil provinces; little streets, very straight, with low, whitewashed houses, a hundred years old, on a red soil; garden walls from which fall garlands of tropical plants; iron-barred windows, behind which one sees the pale faces of Creole women or *métis*, too pretty, with some of the Indian mystery in their eyes. Rue Royale, Rue Dupleix—one sees the names engraved on stone, in letters of the eighteenth century, such as I remember having seen on old corner houses in my native place; Rue Saint-Louis, Quay de la Ville Blanche—quay with a *ja*.

He describes some of the old Creole families still left—

Old ladies with nice and a little superannuated manners; old drawing-rooms with a melancholy charm, with chairs of the eighteenth century, clocks in the Louis XVI. or Empire style, sent here by way of the Cape of Good Hope, when nobody could foresee the Egyptian passage, clocks which have counted the hours of so many languid lives, which have given precision to so many exiles' agonies. . . . It may seem infantine, but the old clocks which I find in the colonies often speak long to my soul.

Encyclopædias are even more popular in America than in this country, but, so far, the best work in this line has been done in Germany and in England. All the various encyclopædias and dictionaries which issue from the Edinburgh house of W. and R. Chambers are excellent in their kind, and American works of the sort are based on them to a great extent. The new "International Encyclopædia," published in New York, is severely criticised for its undue borrowing from "Chambers's" and from the German works of Meyer and Brockhaus. An American reviewer points out that in Germany the contributors to encyclopædias should be anonymous. They are not allowed to frame theories of their own and make new contributions to knowledge in their articles. In this way the responsibility of the Editor is increased. He has to see to it that the articles are sufficient, that they are properly divided, correlated, and proportioned. When they are inadequate, he cannot shield himself under the great names of the writers. In consequence, the German Editor is a man of boundless knowledge, endless patience, and sleepless vigilance, and he is assisted by a staff of conscientious, laborious, learned collaborators. It may be questioned, however, whether encyclopædias really gain by the great suppression of individuality. We in this country can point not only to "Chambers's," but to "The Encyclopædia Britannica" and "The Dictionary of National Biography"—all monumental works. It is generally acknowledged that the Supplement to "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is on an even higher level than the original work

itself. This is due very much to the accomplishment and toil of Mr. Hugh Chisholm. It is gratifying to know that the merits of this great work are being fully recognised by the public. I hear that the last edition amounted to no fewer than thirty thousand copies.

A contributor to the Glasgow *Evening News*, an admirably edited paper, made a tour of several of the London booksellers to discover what books had been in greatest demand during the fortnight before Christmas—the gift fortnight. The best-selling novels were Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Little White Bird" and Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "Four Feathers." Mr. Barrie's success did not surprise the booksellers, but they were amazed at the extraordinary demand for

Mr. Mason's novel. Among others named by Mr. Bumpus were Connor's "Glengarry Days," "Youth," by Joseph Conrad, and "The Vultures," by Merriman. Reprints also of the novels of Jane Austen and Miss Mitford were much in request. At Denny's, in the Strand, "The Four Feathers," "The Little White Bird," and "Fuel of Fire," by Miss Fowler, were mentioned; while Glaisher's, in Holborn, gave a tie for the first place to the Barrie book, Mason's book, and Ian Maclarens's "His Majesty Baby." The best-selling of all the gift-books was Mr. Kipling's "Just So Stories," which is attractive alike to children and grown-ups. There was a very good demand for sumptuous illustrated books. The profits made on these are in some cases extraordinary, and every publisher of standing is turning his attention to them. The result will probably be over-production. There is some considerable risk in the publication of such books, as they are very expensive to manufacture and may unaccountably fail.

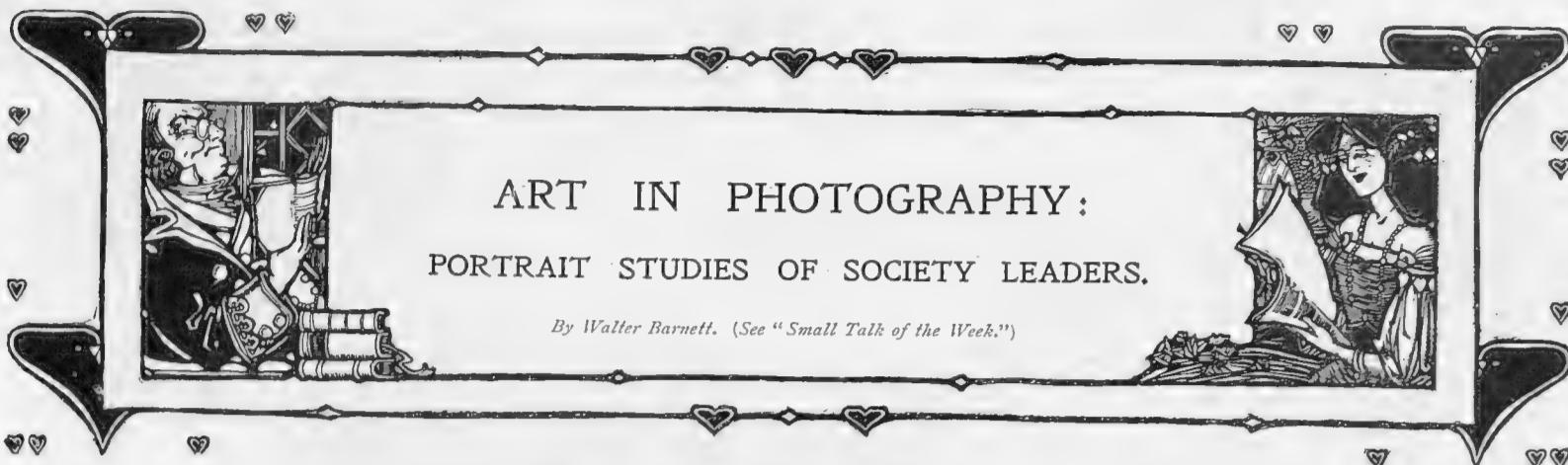
One of the cleverest lady journalists is Miss Ida M. Tarbell, an American lady. She

wrote for *McClure's Magazine* a Life of Lincoln, and its publication began at a very critical time for the magazine. The sales went steadily up, and now *McClure's* is one of the best magazine properties in the world. Miss Tarbell spent five years on the work, going from Kentucky to Indiana, from Indiana to Illinois, and from Illinois to Washington, interviewing men who had known Lincoln and had been affiliated with him in law and politics, delving in the old newspaper files and documents bearing upon his life, and going into out-of-the-way corners to see a locality in which he had appeared. It struck her very much that few of Lincoln's old friends even to this day understand how he could have become President. Miss Tarbell spent a considerable time in Paris when Alexandre Dumas fils was still living. He impressed her as the greatest Frenchman she ever met, a man of deep serenity of character and wide comprehension of things. Zola always seemed to her most irritable and dogmatic.

O. O.

STUDIES BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.—VI. "SIY SIXTEEN."





MRS. PAWSON.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
PORTRAIT STUDIES OF SOCIETY LEADERS

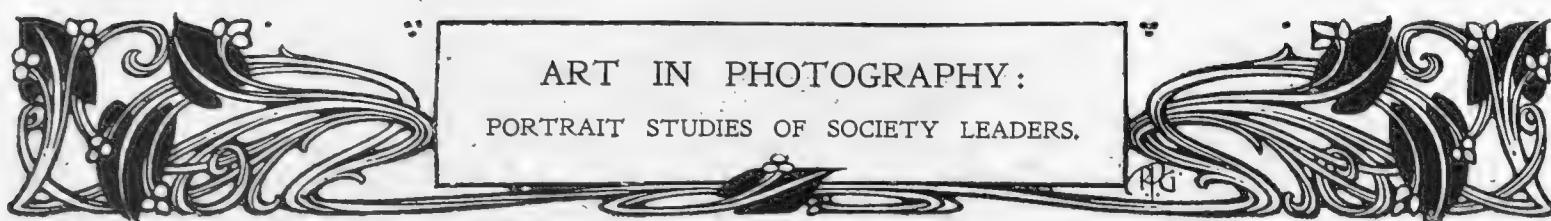


THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
PORTRAIT STUDIES OF SOCIETY LEADERS.



LADY MAUD WARRENDER.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
PORTRAIT STUDIES OF SOCIETY LEADERS.

HG



La Scuola

Herbster & Co.

THE CROWN-PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.



## IV.

ONE would speedily tire of the Riviera if it had nothing more to offer than a round of social pleasures, and fine weather in which to enjoy them. The charm of the region lies a little way inland, among the terraced hills, where vine and olive and lemon plantation share the husbandman's care. When lunch is a thing of the past, and the long hours of afternoon lie before the sojourner in Sunshine Land, nothing can vie with the delight of an inland ramble. If you are the fortunate possessor of a motor-car, or, what is far more economical and less troublesome, the possessor of friends who own one, you can muske yourself up after the fashion of a mediæval knight-errant and fare forth over the dusty roads, but you cannot get into the more secluded places on car, bicycle, or donkey. It is best to walk, to go right away from the beaten track, and share the solitude of the high woods with a few civil workers on the terraced hillsides. Landscape and seascape afford an ever-changing panorama of lovely pictures, rare flowers and trees flourish on all sides, the soft, warm air is full of perfume and the music of linnets among the trees.

I have just returned from such a walk, starting by way of the old Italian town with its houses built all together and its church, with minaret suggesting a mosque, looking out on the hill-top. Past the town and on the high-road there were a few carriages and motor-cars and a fair or unfair number of wayfarers, but I chose a narrow lane that seemed to lead nowhere in particular, and it took me well away from them all. On my right, over the high wall, great clumps of geranium and fuchsia sprawled, green leaves and red flowers alike admirable in their white setting. Down in the valley, the little river

credit and some French that had a curiously Italian accent was even more communicative.

"Good-afternoon," she began; "isn't it a fine day?"  
"You are right, it is," I replied.



"Do you enjoy your walk along this smooth road in this beautiful country?" she continued.

"Yes," I said; "it is charming."

"I am glad you like it," she replied, "and I will say a prayer for you to-night to our Lady of Good Help."

"That is very kind of you," I responded, gratefully. "I hope she will listen to it."

"But, I think," added the unknown, "that you should give me a sou."

"A Mass would be more expensive," I remarked, "and might do me no more good. Here is your sou."

She received it quite gravely and made me a little, mocking bow. "I will not forget," she cried, and ran away up a terrace leading to a tiny comic-opera house with pink walls, green shutters, red roofs, and a trellised arbour where the big vine-leaves had turned to yellow and gold.

At the bend of the road the town was shut out, the hills enclosed the view, and I left the white track for one of the terraces that seemed to offer even finer views. Two or three workers among the lemons wished me a good-day; they are not yet sophisticated enough to consider stray visitors as trespassers. On a high plateau shaded by immemorial olive-trees, lichenized, gnarled, and twisted by the passage of centuries, I got the view of the afternoon—a view that ignored the town altogether and passed along the valley, clothed with olive, lemon, orange, myrtle, pine, and cypress, down to the sea. The only sounds were the rhythmic fall of the husbandmen's spades on the terraces below and the song of the *trenta-cinques*, the little linnets that live among the heath, arbutus, and rosemary above the area of cultivation, and, I regret to say, often fall victims to "le sport," particularly on Sundays, when many men may be seen walking up the steep hillside, gun on shoulder, very anxious to kill something in honour of the fine day. All along the Riviera I have noticed the same thing—birds are remorselessly persecuted; and on the Italian side in the later year, when every garden should be melodious, I have walked or ridden for miles and have not heard one song.

At the foot of the hills the town asserts itself again, very suddenly. Beyond the old, narrow, dirty Italian quarter, more picturesque than ever now the lamps are lighted in the houses, the sober, modern town is reached. The tea-shops are very busy; lights shine from every room in the hotels; cabs, carriages, and omnibuses crowd the roadway; piles of late luggage just redeemed from the *douane* tell of new arrivals from the frozen North.

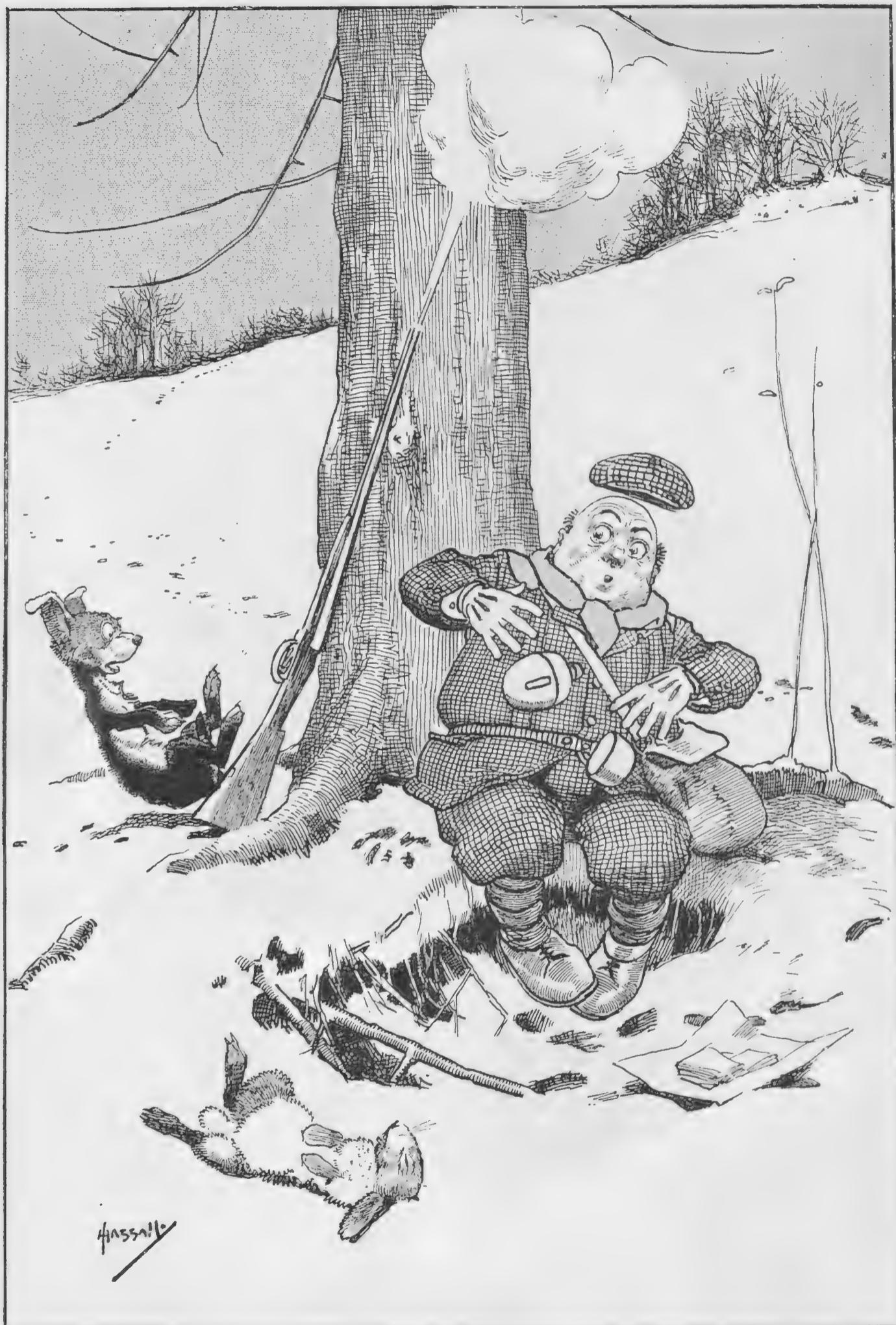
S. L. BENSUSAN.



ran in half-a-dozen tiny streams, between plane-trees and eucalyptus on the banks and oleander in the dried-up parts of the bed. A few old women driving donkeys laden with fuel passed me the time of day, but a little, barefooted girl with nine or ten summers to her

## NEWSPAPER HEAD-LINES.

AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN HASSALL.



I.—“AN ALARMING REPORT.”

## CHARACTERS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



IV.—OTHELLO.

"ARISE, BLACK VENGEANCE, FROM THE HOLLOW HELL!  
YIELD UP, O LOVE, THY CROWN, AND HEARTED THRONE,  
TO TYRANNOUS HATE!"



TOM BROWNE -



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

### THE "NICE OLD PERSON."

By GILBERT DAYLE.



lady who had known my father well and whom I counted as a friend—she represented one of my few remaining links with the aristocratic world. I had been chatting by the door of her carriage for a few moments.

"Well, good-bye, you dreadful Bohemian creature!" she said, giving me an affectionate squeeze of the hand. "I do wish you'd get on, Chris!" she added, as a regretful after-thought.

"Oh, I do—thirty-five last Shrove Tuesday, 'pon my word!" I replied, ruefully.

"You know what I mean: become a K.C., or something or other—be brilliantly successful!"

"It's so vulgar!" I said, with a shake of my head.

She looked at me critically and gave a motherly sigh.

"I'm very much afraid it'll be Number 2, Saxbury Court, and the small private income for all time!" she said.

"The former is comfy and the latter can be put up with. Good-bye. I'll come to breakfast with you one morning if you promise not to have it before eleven."

She laughed, and I watched the dear old soul drive away, then I turned and strolled back to the Strand, and from there to Saxbury Court, which was a delightfully quiet little nook, composed of some dozen old-fashioned houses let off in suites to law people, writing persons, artists, and a few others of a like type. We all knew one another and were a cheerful little community.

I made my way up to my own rooms, and had no sooner lighted my pipe and made myself comfortable than the door opened and a young person entered like a whirlwind. She danced across to my chair and held a paper bag up before my eyes.

"I'm going to have tea with you, Chris!" she announced.

"I notice you very frequently do," I observed.

"And I've brought a treat—now, guess!" she cried, dangling the bag.

"Crumps?" I ventured.

She shook her head, with a laugh, and displayed the contents triumphantly. "Just gorgeous little chocolate cakies—they're ever so nice!"

"And expensive," I murmured.

"Dear, economical old person! You forget I'm earning two pounds a-week and it was 'treasury' to-day. Doesn't it sound jolly?"

She removed her hat—it was an alluring little toque—and set about things with a business-like air. Tea was always a self-made feast at No. 2, Saxbury Court. Smoking my pipe, I watched her reflectively.

Kitty was the only daughter of an old barrister, a friend of mine, who had died some little time ago, leaving her badly provided for. So Kitty had to work for her living, and, three years back, had come with a girl friend, who drew for the illustrated papers, to Saxbury Court. They lived in the rooms above mine, and Kitty had become a great favourite with the little community. She was of a joyous disposition and had lately obtained a small part in the first piece at a West-End comedy theatre.

She had been bending over the fire, cooking some toast. Suddenly she looked up at me.

"Well, nice old person, of what are you thinking?" she said, with a smile.

To tell the truth, I had been thinking for the hundredth time how splendidly young she was, and how stupidly old I had grown to be—thirty-five last Shrove Tuesday, and grey hairs into the bargain! But I fully grasped the situation; I was merely the "nice old person," and anything else was out of the question.

"I was thinking that we might have the tall young visitor to-day," I said, untruthfully.

I had been in the Courts till nearly four, and, afterwards, strolling up into Regent Street, had met Lady Jane Gretton, a dear, elderly

I looked straight at her, and saw a little touch of colour fly to her cheek. Then I laughed gently to myself.

There was a tap at the door, and the next moment a good-looking youngster in immaculate frock-coat and silk hat entered. He glanced round the room expectantly, and his face lighted up as he caught sight of Kitty. It was very obvious!

The Hon. Gerald Derisford seemed terribly out of place in the Bohemian atmosphere of Saxbury Court, for he was a serious young man with great ambitions in the political line, and was unsalaried secretary to the great Lord Brymour. In addition, he was unbecomingly wealthy and distressingly aristocratic.

Still, he came, and I welcomed him, for we of Saxbury Court had our Kitty's future to bear in mind. Was she not Ted Carvill's daughter? And if she loved him—well, he was eminently "desirable."

Kitty chattered her brightest and gave a vivid description of her part in a piece that was to be produced at a charity matinée in aid of the Home for Poor Authors—uncomfortably full just now. A brilliant touch of novelty had been imparted to the performance by the fact that the piece was to be played entirely by ladies, and Kitty had been specially chosen to enact the part of John Chichester, an artist-hero who was much tempted before the final fall of the curtain.

After tea, I insisted on going out with a letter to catch the country post. It was an old expedient, but I flattered myself I did it gracefully.

When, at length, I returned, Kitty jumped to her feet with a glance at the clock. "I promised to meet Ethel at Liberty's at half-past five!" she exclaimed. "Good-bye, Mr. Derisford. Hope you'll be able to come to the matinée next Tuesday."

He shook her hand, retaining it for a moment or so more than was necessary—a hopeful sign, I thought. Then Kitty turned to me.

"Chris, dear, I shall be back at half-past six. Would you like to have dinner with me at Pilano's? It's 'treasury' day, you know."

"Pilano's?" queried the Hon. Gerald, with an air of perplexity.

"I don't think I know the name."

"Oh, you wouldn't!" I put in, hastily. "We're not telling anyone. It's only by keeping the proprietor poor that we can maintain the quality."

Kitty laughed lightly and, with a little wave of the hand to us both, ran off. The Hon. Gerald stared after her and began to pull on his gloves thoughtfully. When he turned to me there was an anxious expression on his grave young face.

"It's very hard to know what to decide, Helder," he said, as if giving voice to his thoughts. "'Twixt love and duty—my career, the old position—you understand?" He held out his hand to me. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I answered. "And, if it's really a question of 'twixt love and duty to yourself, try love first and fit the duty in afterwards."

He went, and I stood staring at the door through which he had disappeared.

"A fair-sized young prig, but honest," I reflected. "And the marriage would mean such a lot to her—she's far too good to spend her life waiting for two-pound 'treasury' days. And I fancy she loves him, and, of course, that spells happiness. Yes, all things considered, I must help it along," I summed up, with a sigh.

Then, presently, Kitty came back and we set off gaily to Pilano's, where we had the jolliest little dinner imaginable. After Liberty's, she had worked in a visit to the costumier and was in the highest spirits.

"I've got a velveteen jacket and the loveliest of grey wigs for John Chichester the tempted!" she cried. "The hair is just like yours!"

"I cannot help my burden of years," I said, sadly.

But Kitty only laughed.

"I'm taking you as my model. I'm just longing to play the part!"

"It'll simply turn the poor authors' heads—they'll begin to write novels about me! And, talking of turning people's heads—" I paused.

"Well?" she inquired, innocently.

"I was wondering whether Park Lane is a nicer place in which to reside than Saxbury Court," I continued.

She gave a little laugh and a spot of colour came into her cheek. Then the smile died from her eyes and she looked very straight at me.

"What do you think, Chris?" she asked.

"I think one might possibly seem jollier at the moment"—I

paused to work up my courage—"but the other is far more satisfying in the long run. Yes, undoubtedly it ought to be the one chosen—particularly if the opportunity is given!" I finished, decisively.

Kitty selected an orange and started to peel it. "You'd be disappointed if any other choice were made?" she asked, in a low voice.

Saxbury Court without Kitty! But there's no good in half-doing a thing, and I became quite brave again.

"Bitterly! There are some people I should always like to see do the best possible."

There was a long pause. Then, at length, she raised her head, and there was a curious little look in her eyes.

"I suppose the least one can do is not to disappoint a friend?" she said, very quietly.

"Quite the least," I agreed, cheerfully. "And the most is to always lend and never borrow—that is ideal friendship!" I added.

And so, with a laugh, it was all settled.

Three days passed and then an incredible thing happened. This was nothing less than an appointment as consulting lawyer to a rich Company! I was amazed at the offer, and at first thought that my abilities had at length obtained recognition. When I learnt that Sir John Gretton, Lady Jane's husband, was a Director of the Company, my amazement subsided, but I was none the less delighted with my good fortune. It was just like the dear old creature to think of me.

I returned to Saxbury Court earlier than usual that afternoon, and, going to my bedroom, proceeded to make a change of clothes. A few minutes later, I stepped into the passage that led to my sitting-room. I noticed that the door at the end was open, but the curtain was drawn almost across the entrance.

As I approached, I caught sight of a man in my room. I was a little curious, as I did not recognise my visitor from his back—he had grey hair and was wearing a velveteen coat. Then, as the figure turned and I caught a glimpse of the face, I chuckled softly to myself. It was Kitty, "made up" completely as John Chichester, the tempted hero of the matinée piece. She had evidently planned a dress-rehearsal for my benefit, and she certainly looked the part remarkably well.

I was about to step forward and congratulate her on the impersonation, when there was a tap at the outside door, and Kitty, who had sunk into my arm-chair, sprang to her feet in alarm. I drew back behind the curtain, in anticipation of fun. Without being seen, I had a good view of the room myself.

The door opened, and a tall, well-dressed young lady came in. Kitty looked terribly nervous for a moment, but, as the girl advanced into the room, she faced her boldly.

"Mr. Helder?" queried the visitor, a trifle nervously.

I saw a sudden twinkle of mischief come into Kitty's eye. She threw her cigarette into the grate.

"Yes?" she said, in John Chichester's deep tones.

It was impudent, of course. But I always had a weakness for amusing situations, so I settled down to enjoy this one. I turned my attention to the visitor. She was a refined-looking girl, but painfully nervous at the present moment.

"My name is Lady Delicia Brymour," she began.

The name startled me a little. I remembered that the Hon. Gerald was private secretary to the great Lord Brymour. What on earth could his daughter want calling on me?

"I know it must seem strange my coming to you in this fashion," the girl continued; "but Lady Jane Gretton is a dear friend of mine, and she said she was sure you wouldn't mind, and that—" She paused, hesitatingly.

"Of course, any friend of Lady Jane is welcome," said Kitty, coming to the rescue, "and I shall be only too pleased to do anything I can."

I should think so! If the young scamp had only known about the appointment obtained through the dear old soul!

Lady Delicia's embarrassment increased, but at length she managed to stammer out her story. And a very pretty one it was! It appeared that, six months ago, the Hon. Gerald had proposed to her. Lady Delicia was willing, but her father, the great Lord Brymour, insisted on six months elapsing before the formal engagement was announced—just to make certain that the young people knew their own minds. The time had slipped away, and now, almost at the last hour, a mischief-maker had whispered to her that the Hon. Gerald had fallen in love with someone else, which, by the way, happened to be the truth. The whisperer, who seemed remarkably well informed, had also told her that the meetings mostly took place in my rooms!

As I listened to this, I began to feel that the little comedy was beginning to be tinged with a more serious element. I watched Kitty closely, but I could not tell what was passing in her mind. She lighted a cigarette and puffed it slowly.

"Please don't misunderstand me!" said Lady Delicia at the finish—and there was a dignity about the slim, young figure that I liked. "I've simply come here to know the truth. Mr. Derisford and I are not formally engaged. If he loves someone else, I shall not stand in his way. I only want to know—that's all."

Kitty thrust one hand deep in the pocket of her velveteen coat and looked straight at the girl before her.

"I see you love him?" she said, quietly.

Lady Delicia gave a little start and looked on the ground. When she raised her head there were tears glistening on her eyelashes.

"Yes, I love him," she answered, gently.

Poor Kitty!

"But that wouldn't matter—I want him to be happy," continued the girl, bravely. "Now, Mr. Helder, tell me the truth, please. Is this Miss Carvill anything to him?"

Kitty suddenly dropped into a chair and went into a fit of laughter.

"Oh, my dear young lady, it's simply wicked to tease you!" she cried. "If he only dared!" And she was convulsed again.

I don't know which was the more surprised at this new phase, Lady Delicia or myself.

"Do tell me what you mean, Mr. Helder?" she implored.

Kitty checked her merriment with an effort and rose to her feet.

"Those stale old mountains that can be manufactured for you by dear friends out-of-molehills. When I tell you that little Kitty Carvill, the actress, is engaged to be married to me, you will understand how I appreciate the humour of the situation."

"You really mean that?" cried Lady Delicia, in tremulous tones.

"Just ask her!" answered Kitty, composedly. She caught hold of the girl's hand and patted it in a fatherly manner—I suppose she must have learnt the trick from me.

"Derisford has been looking me up rather a lot lately with regard to law details for the new Bill your father is fostering, and little Kitty has naturally been here—she generally is, you know! Some kind friends have learnt of his visits and promptly misconstrued them for your benefit. So, there, your little trouble is disposed of. Go home and receive Gerald with open arms, and next week I shall look out for the announcement in the *Post*. Hey, Presto! Try our magic conversations with the Hermit of Saxbury Court! What?" she finished, gaily.

Never in my life had I so admired Kitty as at that moment.

Then the surprise came. The door suddenly opened and the Hon. Gerald came racing in.

"Sorry I'm late, Helder!" he began, then came to an abrupt stop as he caught sight of the smiling Lady Delicia. His glance drifted on to the quaint, grey-headed figure in the velveteen coat. He managed to just save his jaw from falling.

Lady Delicia rescued the situation.

"How extraordinary to meet here, Gerald! I've been selling charity tickets for Lady Gretton, and she gave me a list of her friends to victimise. Mr. Helder was the first and he has been very kind."

I began to admire Lady Delicia, too. She evidently had the makings of a politician's wife in her.

"And directly I heard her name, Derisford," rattled on Kitty, "I remembered! I don't know why, but you young people in love always single me out for your absurd confidences!"

She stepped forward and held out her hand to Lady Delicia.

"Now, you're just to take him right away! I absolutely refuse to be bored with law details this afternoon. As you've met one another, make it a holiday—tea in a discreet nook in Bond Street and stroll through the Park back to dinner! There, away with you!"

Lady Delicia blushed happily as she shook hands.

Kitty opened the door and held it open for them. Derisford stood for a moment and looked into Kitty's eyes—they were inexorable. He smiled uncomfortably and passed out after Lady Delicia.

As their footsteps echoed down the stairs, she came back to my arm-chair, and, dropping into it, heaved a little sigh. I gently pulled aside the curtain and crept down behind her on tiptoe.

"Hello, Helder, old chap!" I said.

She gave a cry and started to her feet.

"Chris!" she began. A sudden suspicion came into her mind, and she looked at me searchingly. I pointed significantly to the curtain and smiled. She understood, and I caught hold of her hand.

"Did it hurt, little lady?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"And you?"

She gave a little, nervous laugh.

"Oh, I—it did not matter! You see, I was only trying not to disappoint my friends—that's the least one can do, you know. So it's all beautifully right, dear old person—and I'm going to get into skirts again!"

"One moment," I said, quickly, and she halted. "The little argument used to convince Lady Delicia?"

She gave a gasp.

"Oh, of course, that was only—only to meet the exigencies of the case! I—" She came to an abrupt stop.

I was looking at her very intently.

"I suppose you are not aware that I stepped into an extremely lucrative appointment to-day," I observed. "I don't suppose I shall be living much longer in Saxbury Court. You see, a man with means generally wants to marry and settle down in some more aristocratic quarter."

She stared at me in wonder. I began to feel very insane indeed.

"I don't know how you will manage to make that argument permanently convincing to Lady Delicia, unless—" I groped about dully for words. "Oh, I'm awfully tired of being merely the 'nice old person,' Kitty!" I blurted out.

Her eyes lighted up. I looked into them—I don't know quite what I saw there, but I suddenly stepped forward and caught her in my arms, velveteen jacket and all.

Presently she glanced up at me. "I was only going to do it because I thought you didn't care," she whispered, softly.

Didn't care! That's the worst of being thirty-five last Shrove Tuesday—it makes a man such a bat!

THE END.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ACCORDING to a pronouncement which I have received from Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the days—or rather, nights—of “The Eternal City” are numbered; at least, as regards the present run of that play at His Majesty’s. Mr. Tree has, I learn, decided to produce Mr. Michael Morton’s adaptation of Count Tolstoi’s “Resurrection,” on or about Feb. 17, just when the good St. Valentine’s annual (and, I fear, decreasing) “boom” is over and done with for

subsequently became a sort of prompter, or “assistant stage-manager,” as it is now called, at the Globe Theatre, Bankside.

What I do really marvel at concerning the “real” “Othello” legend is that so astute a dramatist and, dare I say, so persistent a “conveyer,” as Shakspere should have ignored such a dramatic idea as is suggested by the action in the old story of the little child of Iago and Emilia. I warrant me that your modern writer of melodrama would, in such a case, not miss the chance.

I hear on very reliable authority that, although Sir Charles Wyndham has parted with a long lease of the Criterion to Mr. Frank Curzon, in order that Messrs. Chudleigh and Frohman may produce there Mr. Carton’s new comedy, he (Sir Charles) may also arrange to sublet, at the start, the splendid new theatre which Mr. W. G. R. Sprague has designed for him at the back of the beautiful little playhouse which bears the histrionic knight’s surname.

As to the Criterion, Mr. Curzon, who holds a good-sized lease from Sir Charles, is determined that the house shall eschew the occasionally sentimental fare vouchsafed there of late years. In short, Mr. Curzon intends to arrange that the new “Cri.” shall be run purely as a comedy house.

Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker’s mediæval play, “The Cardinal,” with that splendid actor, Mr. Willard, in the name-part, is achieving a very grand success in America. The local notices are not only enthusiastic as regards the play, but also as regards the players. It is with this strong drama of Mr. Parker’s that Mr. Willard will start his season at the St. James’s during Mr. Alexander’s tour in America next autumn.

Sir Henry Irving’s preparations for the production of “Dante” at Drury Lane are already assuming gigantic proportions. Although, as I long ago indicated, this new drama by Sardou and Moreau cannot be produced till April, many seem to be just discovering two matters that I stated long ago, on the authority of Sir Henry Irving, namely, that Miss Ellen Terry will not play in the piece, and that the leading female character—to be impersonated by Miss Lena Ashwell—is *not* Beatrice. “Dante” is in five Acts and has nine tableaux, the chief of which will represent what one might call “Down Below”—according to Doré.

Eric long you may expect to find at the Avenue a new play which Mr. Herbert Sleath has just brought from America, entitled “The Adoption of Archibald.”



MISS KITTY MASON, A CLEVER DANCER AT THE GAIETY.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

another year. In the meantime, however, Mr. Tree will, starting on the 17th inst., give a few weeks’ welcome revival of “The Merry Wives of Windsor,” with himself as “Fat Jack” and Miss Ellen Terry again as Mrs. Page. The last performance of “The Eternal City” will take place at His Majesty’s on next Friday. This play of Mr. Hall Caine’s, however, will be sent on tour with two Companies specially selected by Mr. Tree and the author.

Speaking of Mr. Hall Caine, I may here mention that—in order, it may be, to afford yet another proof of the power of heredity—Mr. Caine’s very young son, Ralph, has just prepared a play which, it is now decided, shall be the piece with which Miss Vesta Tilley, the vivacious variety artiste, shall tour through America next autumn, instead of with the once-contemplated play by Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker. I do not know whether it is by way of burlesquing his gifted father’s association with the Isle of Man, but Caine fils has, I am informed on the best authority, elected to name his Vesta Tilley play “The Isle of Boy.”

As to “Othello,” which continues to go wonderfully well as played by Mr. Forbes-Robertson’s Company at the Lyric, I have just received from the happily still United States an extraordinary daily-paper article several pages long, setting forth that the tragedy which William Shakspere wrote around the much-misled Moor of Venice was based upon a certain celebrated case in real (mediæval) life!

The American “discoverer” of this “real life” basis seems to be ignorant of the fact that most “real life” Shaksperian students (in this old country, anyhow) have long been aware of the existence of a real story of the kind, a narrative of which was current in the Fleet Street of the period long before young Master Shakspere held horses and



MR. BEN WEBSTER AS CASSIO IN “OTHELLO.” AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

*Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.*

# KEY-NOTES

**H**OW often have we "heard with our ears" that the Italians are, above all things, a musical nation—to return upon an engrossing subject? The vowel-system of the language has been put forward in confirmation, and, to give strength to that all but conclusive demonstration, enthusiasts are never tired of enlisting upon the side of their theory the wonderful quality of the atmosphere, the purity of the air, and the "natural" pronunciation of words in which both chest and throat are allowed full and perfect play. These obvious advantages are, doubtless, not to be gainsaid; and it is equally without doubt owing to this fact that at one time the Italian *bel canto* was reckoned as a *sine quâ non* in the vocal armoury of any ambitious singer.

To possess natural advantages and to use those advantages intelligently are not by any means, however, quite one and the same thing. It was because there was such a mighty difference between them that, in a later time, German methods began to oust Italian vocal accomplishment, in spite of the universal acknowledgment that German methods of singing were in many ways altogether unacceptable. It was the struggle between brains and what one calls natural gifts; and, in the end, brains must win the day against all odds. The Chinese (to write a little parable) knew the essential qualities of gunpowder ages before it was discovered by the West; but the Chinese used it for their toys, where the West used it for the conquest of China.

A great Italian soprano with the brains of a Ternina would make such a sensation as one reads of now and then in the records of a few past great singers. Unfortunately, the possession of intellectual culture in combination with splendid vocal gifts is a rare thing in Italy. Whether it is that the Teutonic races, with their earnest outlook upon life, have necessarily outdistanced the lazier temperaments of the children of the South—or for whatever other reason there may be—in learning and in assiduity, the fact remains that Italy, "the country of music," "the land of song," and the thousand gorgeous things of ballad and tune that the pen of Ouida has made it heir to, lags musically behind the times, so far as intelligence and brain-power are concerned.

In a word, one may confidently deny that Italy is essentially a musical nation. This is not to say that in Italy the *maestro* has not the very best material in the world to work upon in his teaching of singing: the contrary is the precise truth; but it is a fact that, apart from vocal possibilities, the Italian is a wretched, a degenerate musician, with the smallest appreciation of that which is genuinely fine or concordant, or really delicate in musical art. This, of course, is to speak of the son of the soil.

Could one have greater proof—and in these immediate days, when there is scarcely a London concert to chronicle, it is interesting to indulge in such musical speculations that concern another nationality—of this bluntness than the manner in which the Italian celebrates one of his greatest feasts of the year—the Epiphany, or, as he shortens it, the Befana? Such a celebration in London would send the constabulary crazy. It is a *festa*, if you please, of music; from the first Vespers (or Evensong, as we should call it) of Jan. 5 until late into the night of the 6th the "son of the soil" indulges in his

musical fantasies. Here is none of the gentle piping of the Tuscany shepherds from which Corelli is said to have derived, in part, his exquisite pastoral music. Cacophony reigns supreme: braying horns of the most detestable quality; discord set against discord by citizens with smiling faces, faces that indicate keen enjoyment of the fun; excruciating attempts at the capture of a sort of maniac melody—here you have the tuneful, the melodious Italian in his most exalted moment of native inspiration.

To be quite frank, his Church Music can scarcely be described as an extreme artistic improvement upon this artless lack of musicianship. That Italy has possessed wonderful and great musical creators is, of course—especially in so far as the province of ecclesiastical music is concerned—a fact to be accepted on the part of the world with recognition and gratitude; but the Italian nowadays does not give much memorial heed to his treasures of the past. In his churches

you shall hear the vilest music sung in the vilest taste; and even where you would naturally suppose that a certain traditional excellence must linger, in the singing of Plain Song, a visit, let us say, to the "Minerva" will dispel any such fond and foolish idea. Italy, in a word, has lingered in the race; and it would seem that even "Young Italy" will not avail to save it. Three swallows do not make a summer; nor do Puccini, Mascagni, and Leoncavallo suffice to create anew a musical nation.

Returning briefly to the past musical year in London, it was chiefly distinguished by two of its latest artistic episodes—Elgar's "Coronation Ode" and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." Each of these works was dealt with in this page at the time of performance; but in the record of serious musical matters they take a natural importance, owing to the extremely high position which the two composers occupy at the present moment in the musical world. The chronicles of concerts—at the various London Halls, and at Provincial Centres during Festival time—have been made here in due order; and there is clearly no consequent necessity to indulge in any detailed summary. The most notable immediate event, which might well make George Eliot turn in her grave, is the disappearance of the St. James's Hall. How the lacuna made by its disappearance is likely to be filled up is a matter still of mystery. Meanwhile, new musical seasons come and go; and their records

go with them. The Opera of last year and the Opera of this year are likely to pair in future memories as twins; and, in a word, while one's enjoyment of last year's music may season expectation, expectation itself may be a little dimmed by memories that are too familiar.

COMMON CHORD.

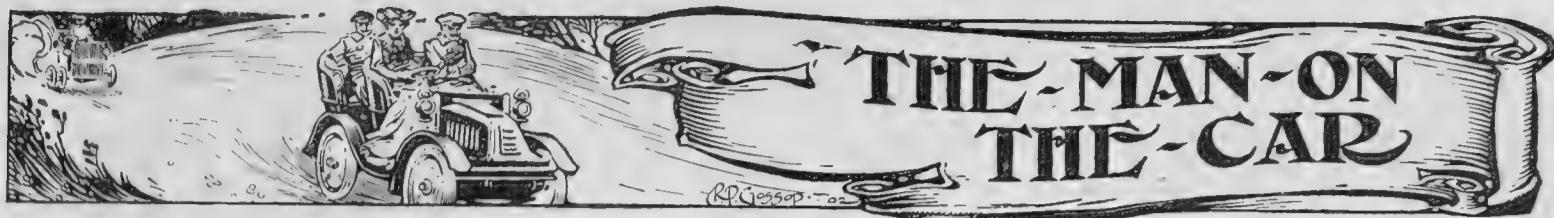
## "BON VOYAGE" TO MADAME ALBANI!

Madame Albani, most genial and popular of singers, is now on her way to Canada, where she will find a crowd of musical enthusiasts ready to welcome her and her party, which includes Madame Beatrice Langley, Miss Katherine Jones, whose photograph was published in a recent *Sketch*, and several other well-known ladies and gentlemen deservedly popular in the musical world. Madame Albani finds that, in Canada, concert-goers remain faithful to old favourites. They prefer hearing her sing those songs they have already heard. This is, of course, true of popular audiences all the world over.



MADAME ALBANI.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



Sliding on Wood—New Cures—Honeycomb Fancies—Costly Construction.

ON a recent run into town, I experienced a curious side-slip on a surface which was practically frictionless. It was on a stretch of perfectly smooth and recently laid wooden pavement, which was thoroughly wet but quite clean. A heavy rain-storm came on, and for the moment the road was wet all over at once with a thin film of water. The conditions were as nearly akin to frictionlessness as one could conceive. There was no driving-bite or brake-bite to speak of, and, at the moment of the stroke of paralysis which afflicted the car, fortunately the whole width of the road was available for a broadside manœuvre. An acquaintance, on the same morning, came off less luckily, for he was on a wood-paved road recently wrecked by the putting up of centre standards for electric-tram purposes, and in his moments of physical aberration he cannoned into one of these, and there was a horrible sound of crumpling aluminium and rending steel.

These happenings, and the like, are the small pleasantries which are prompting inventors to devise some cure for side-slips. That rubber, especially when wet, slides easily on a perfectly smooth surface is a known fact. Should the tyre, therefore, be faced with a non-slipping material, or the roads be modified? Probably the latter alternative is the correctly logical one, but the majority of road-users are not sufficiently led out of their old slow-coach ways to appreciate yet that the proper cure for non-adhesion is to be found by altering the roads. So the inventor devotes himself to the tyre. Ridges wear out, attached bands will not hold on but drag at their fastenings; but there have been some new ideas recently developed for fitting a non-slipping tread of chain cross-gartered over the rubber of the tyre, and held on by lacing into two hoops, which themselves are free on the tyre, one on each side thereof. These hoops are like, in principle, the edges of a Dunlop wired-on tyre, the cross-garterings of chain corresponding to the canvas or fabric between the wired edges. The whole forms an external sheath over the rubber, but does not extend to the rim, and the sheath slowly creeps round the tyre under the rolling influences of travelling,

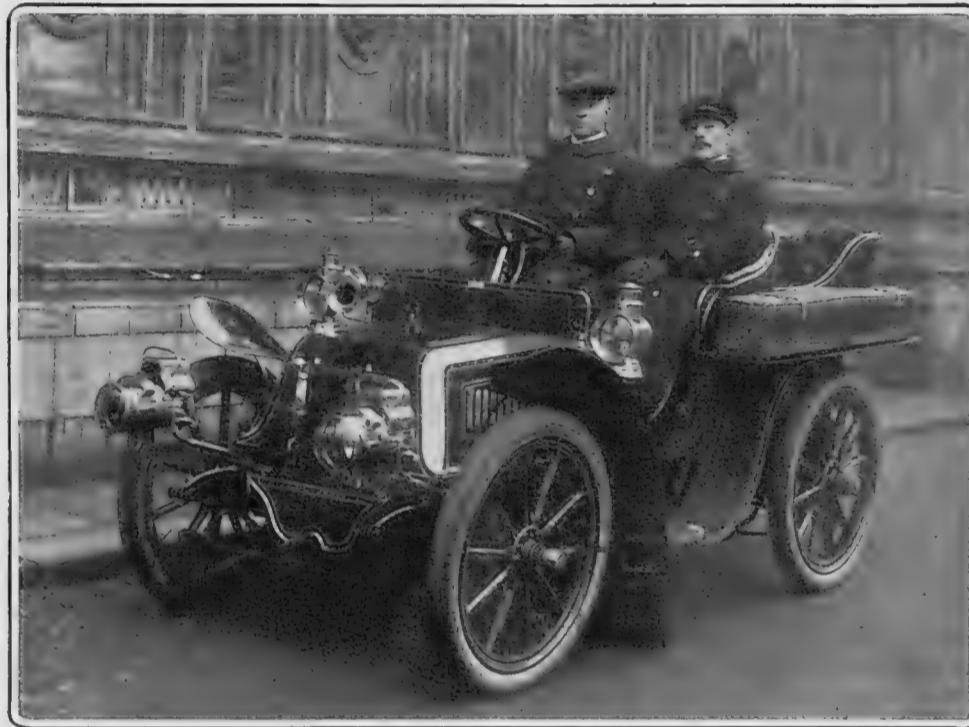
A riddle was propounded to me by an observer of things motorious who had only half-looked at the Mercédès fan and forced-draught system of cooler. He wanted to know what would happen if the car travelled at a greater rate than the fan was set for. It sounds like a poser till one grasps that the inquirer fancied that the fan forced air forward through the honeycomb instead of drawing it backward. The forward idea, with the possibility of reaching a speed at which there would be a holy calm in your honeycomb, produced by the meeting of the wind and the forced draught, is a particularly rich joke. It does not follow that because the fan is behind it pushes the air through. It does nothing of the kind; it forces the air towards itself.

Can you repair a leak in your honeycomb? This is a question well worth putting to the user of one of the delightful but delicate devices for saving you one hundred pounds of water and giving you a perpetual heartache as to whether you will not lose the teaspoonful of precious fluid so ingeniously eked out over such an enormous area of cooling surface. And when the owner ejaculates "No!" as nicely as he can under the circumstances, it is then quite appropriate to remark that you really thought the man had a bee in his bonnet.

At a discussion on motor-car design before the Institute of Civil Engineers, one of the members declared that the travelling public needed two kinds of car, one the car *de luxe*, from £400 upwards, the building of which is not a paying matter. Others asked for a two-seated vehicle, not to cost more than £250, which should be simple in construction and so designed that it should not get out of order easily, which is only another way of saying that a good car should be a good car. But in practice it is found that the small cars give infinitely more trouble than the larger types, and the time is not yet reached when the vehicle which costs £400 is a car *de luxe*. Such a vehicle costs more nearly £1400 than £400, and the trade knows which branch of business pays the best, and that is the car *de luxe*, not the tiny car nor the racing-car, but the embodiment of all that is latest and best. Such a type is bound to be outrageously expensive, at present, until types standardise. It is plausible to preach perfection, but that cannot be even approached yet except at great expenditure. The day of the cheap car may come, but cheapness spells nastiness more closely in automobilism than in any other sphere.

There are plenty of manufacturers producing cars that do not go wrong easily; what is wanted is the cultivation of a greater degree of intelligence, in order that magnificent and costly vehicles should not be wrongly used. It is heart-rending to see the terrible abuse showered on a poor dumb car by a brutal owner full of wealth but without the least atom of mechanical intelligence.

Mr. J. W. Stocks is a mileage glutton. In his old cycling days he was a record-breaker. Since motor-ing seized him, he has been in for the long-distance game very strongly. He once covered four hundred and thirty-four miles on a motor-tricycle in



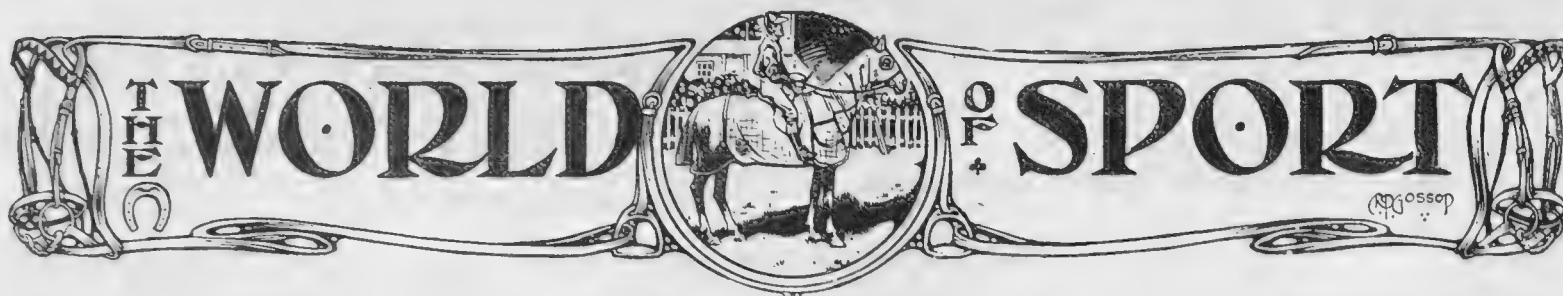
MR. FREDERICK HARRISON ON HIS NEW TEN HORSE-POWER NAPIER.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

the day. He has pushed through on a De Dion car from Land's End to John o' Groats in a couple of days and a bit, and has done Glasgow to London as a non-stop trip. Even in winter he ceases not from the toil of spinning along the roads, and he went from London to Hull for a day's run, and back for another hundred and seventy-seven miles' excursion.

#### MR. FREDERICK HARRISON'S NEW NAPIER.

It had been known for some time past in automobile circles that a new type of light Napier was on the stocks, and when the first sample made its appearance, a few weeks ago, it was generally acknowledged that it would be a worthy rival of the ten and fifteen horse-power Panhards. The new Napier is of ten horse-power and the workmanship is strikingly good. The motor is of the four-cylinder type, is very light and compact for the power developed, which is considerably more than its actual designation, and its throttle governor makes it a most silent and flexible engine. There are four forward speeds and a reverse, with chain driving, and powerful double-acting brakes. Mr. Frederick Harrison, the popular lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, is the fortunate possessor of the first of these new cars to be delivered to a customer, though the actual prototype was Mr. Napier's own car which was driven by Mr. Jarrott on the anniversary run. In appearance Mr. Harrison's new car is very elegant, and its comparatively high engine-power makes it exceedingly fast on the hills. This type of Napier will, no doubt, become very popular.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

R. Gossop

*Spring Entries—Weights—The Two Thousand.*

A VERY poor average in the matter of numbers has to be noted in the entries for the Spring Handicaps. Only fifty-one have been received for the Lincoln Spring Handicap, but I expect, if Mr. Ord gives us a good handicap, that the field will be up to the average. I think Royal George, Nabot, and Glass Jug will have to be reckoned with, while many old supporters of Fighting Furley are not likely to let that horse run loose if he gets in well. Some well-known performers are included in the fifty-six entries for the City and Suburban. Csardas, Pekin, Robert le Diable, Uninsured, and Lavengro are very likely to be inquired after if the Handicapping Committee do not deal too harshly with them. Last year's winner, Congratulation, is once more entered for the Great Metropolitan and is very likely to again run well; other horses I like among the entries are Ice Maiden, Prince Florizel, Rightful, St. Levan, and Lovetin. This is always a pretty race to witness. A very poor entry was received for the Liverpool Spring Cup, and I am afraid the field will be a small one. Ice Maiden, Bachelor's Button, and Pellisson are very likely to run well if started. The Queen's Prize, to be run at Kempton Park on Easter Monday, has yielded well both in quantity and quality. Royal George, Maori Chieftain, Nabot, and Sea Lord are very likely to perform well over this course. The Jubilee Stakes, to be run on May 9, has attracted the best entry so far, but the weights will not be issued for some weeks, and this event can be shelved *pro tem.* For the Manchester Cup, a rich prize given by the managers of the new course at Castle Irwell and which will be run for in Whit-week, some smart handicappers have been engaged; including St. Maclou, First Principal, Ice Maiden, Royal George, and Handicapper.

Everything depends on the apportioning of the weights as to whether a handicap becomes an ultimate success or not. But many Handicappers have the luck on their side. Take the case of the Lincoln Handicap last year. Sceptre was a warm favourite, but just got beaten by St. Maclou. For the Grand National, Ambush II. was a hot favourite in the early betting, but, unfortunately, he could not go to the post. The favourites at the start were Drumcree and Inquisitor, yet neither finished in the first three. Carabine was the early favourite for the Great Metropolitan, but the horse did not go to the post. In the City and Suburban, First Principal was a much better favourite in the early betting than he was on the day when he won. The Solicitor was the early favourite for the Jubilee Stakes, but the race was won by Royal George. Champagne was a hot favourite in the early betting for the Chester Cup, but the race was won by Carabine, who should also have won the Ascot Stakes. The list might be extended indefinitely.

It is somewhat difficult to guess at this time of day what will compete in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, which will be run at Newmarket on April 29. Blackwell holds a strong hand, and I should say Flotsam would be started in preference to Rock Sand, unless Sir James Miller wants the last-named to annex the triple crown—or rather, to try to do so. My opinion, often expressed, that Mead is very likely to win the Derby of 1903 has undergone no change. I expect Marsh will be represented in the Two Thousand by Rabelais, who won four times out of five as a two-year-old. The son of St. Simon is just the very horse to shine over this course. He belongs to Mr. Arthur James, who will succeed the Earl of Falmouth as Steward of the Jockey Club. Of Mr. George Lambton's lot in the Guineas, I think Chaucer, who is owned by Lord Derby, is very likely to be the best. Mr. Musker will run William Rufus, who ran second to Rock Sand for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. John Porter has several animals engaged, including Greatorex, who ran badly in the autumn. It is a matter for regret that Acefull was not entered in the Guineas, and Huggins has only Uncle Reggie in the race. This colt was beaten five times as a two-year-old and is not likely to improve with age. The Hon. F. Lambton, who trains for Sir E. Cassel, has three engaged; the best will, I take it, be Sermon, who has his good and his bad days. If delivered to the post fit and well, he would be backed by those who saw him beat Chaucer and Countermark, giving the latter 14 lb., for the Prendergast Stakes at the Newmarket Second October Meeting. Of course, if Rock Sand runs, he should win, and only in his absence should I give my vote to William Rufus. I am told the son of Melton—Simena has grown into a very handsome colt and he shapes like a goer.

CAPTAIN COE.

#### IRREPRESSIBLE SCOTS IN SHANGHAI.

In Shanghai the great social event of the year for all dancers is the Caledonian Ball, held in the big Town Hall in commemoration of the Patron Saint of Scotland, St. Andrew. Each season it comes round the event is on a larger and handsomer scale than its predecessor, and the last one was attended with brilliant success. The Ball was over by three o'clock so far as most people were concerned, but that some ardent Scots were not satisfied with this early conclusion to a notable gathering is evidenced by the accompanying photograph, which depicts a small crowd of them who repaired from the light and glitter of the dance-room to the links of the Golf Club and there gave still further proof of their nationality.



SCOTS IN SHANGHAI.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

**D**OES someone say somewhere that opportunity makes the man? I forget, but have no doubt in my mind that it is a common noun much used and regarded by the male sex at all events. Now, nobody has ever been so beside the mark as to suggest that opportunity makes the woman. She makes it. Indeed, some have uncharitably asserted that she lies in wait for it, especially in

*[Copyright.]*

A GRACEFUL DESIGN OF RED CLOTH AND LACE.

connection with eligible members of the opposing gender. But as such libellous and quite imaginary statements can proceed only from rival claimants or unappreciative mothers-in-law, they may be safely disregarded and set aside as the meanderings of prejudiced persons, not to be absorbed without several grains of salt, and, even then, homeopathically. If opportunity woos us, waylays us, meets us round the corner unexpectedly, with all sorts of arguments and reasons in her hands, who are we that we should not decline and fall, like Mr. Gibbon's ancient Rome, into pleasant pitfalls of luxury, picturesqueness, and economic comfort? Witness Hampton's great sale in Pall Mall now proceeding, and available until the 24th of January moreover. It would be a matter of self-reproach to every British matron if she did not investigate the possibilities that lie within reach in dining-room, drawing-room, bedroom, billiard-room, kitchen, china-closet, and the gods know what not other furniture besides. From lampshades to lac cabinets, from linen sheets to leather screens, every article of "bigotry, virtue," and furniture has been amply—in fact, lavishly—reduced, and exigeant indeed must be he, she, or it who, in view of the astonishing prices at which carpets, curtains, and furniture are being disposed of, can question the reality of these sacrifices. Hampton's, moreover, to make things still easier for prospective purchasers, issue a price and illustrated handy-book, with blank pages for memoranda therein, which will be found to greatly elucidate the puzzle, toil, and trouble of shopping. It is posted on application, and will be found an invaluable guide to those visiting this great sale.

Millinery sales rage fiercely also at the moment, and every phase and freak of the hideous flat hat is, amongst other passions of fashion, shown at a greatly depreciated scale of monetary exchange. Why this so eminently unbecoming, dowdy, and even disfiguring headgear has so long prevailed amongst us, who but the irresponsible arbiters of present styles can ever explain?—and it is quite unlikely they will give themselves the trouble. Meanwhile, I maintain and truly set forth my opinion that we have been slaves to a nightmare of ugly millinery long enough, and do fervently hope that better counsels may prevail in the spring and a rescue be somehow contrived from this too-prolonged prevailing mode. There is a hint of Watteau in the air, and the oft-attempted panniers of that most decorative period once more tentatively appear on some harbingers of Rue de la Paix fashions that have been shown me lately. How delicious those dainty hats of that time were, too, tricked forth with gay flowers and parti-coloured ribands, perched jauntily on powdered hair! One rather dreads a very modern recrudescence of this sort; patches, minuets, and shepherdesses' staves are their only fitting environment. How could we carry a Watteau coiffure or confection going at fifty miles an hour in a Panhard? Still, *couturières* and incongruities ever go together, and we may go farther and fare worse than with these exquisite contradictions of the most picturesque period in French costume.

Mankind—and, perhaps, it may be admitted, womankind—is ever curious and interested in mystery, which, no doubt, accounts for the fascination that has hung in all ages about that sacred secret of the East, the harem. Therefore, when it is given one to see for the first time in prosaic London some very precious silk carpets which have been absolutely transported from the Imperial harem itself, a certain glamour hangs round the information, and we hasten off to Waring's, be the pavements in Oxford Street ever so muddy and the whole atmosphere of town a grey and greasy contrast to the languorous Oriental environment from whence these silken prayer-carpets came. Most enterprising of importers, Messrs. Waring, in showing these

*[Copyright.]*  
A HANDSOME BALL-GOWN OF BLACK LACE AND CHENILLE.

exquisite productions of the East, are able to affirm that for the first time on record these Imperial carpets have found their way from Bosphorus to Thames. Like the black fox and sable of Russia, these prayer-rugs are specially conserved for Imperial and Royal use. Therefore, besides their intrinsic beauty of texture and technique, an added interest is given in the fact of the unique circumstances which have led to their domestication in Oxford Street.

This subject of Eastern carpets leads in natural sequence to an interesting production of Western Europe—namely, jewellery. Specialists have arisen during the last dozen years or so whose efforts in reproducing the best in historic gem and metal work have given immense impetus to an art that for too long had been abandoned to the unimaginative imagination of the British workman. The values of enamel, blent metal, baroque pearls, cabochon jewels, and other essential points of this ancient art have been dragged from deep oblivion, and the jewellery of the twentieth century gives promise already of rivalling, if it may not dare excel, the master-pieces of unhurried artists long centuries dead, but immortalised in their creations.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. LUTTRELL (St Moritz).—It is inevitable that in a winter Engadine atmosphere you should suffer somewhat as you do. Try Beetham's "Lait Larola." It keeps the hands beautifully white and soft. No traveller should ever go from home without it.

ALICIA.—Mrs. Pomeroy is one of the best authorities on the treatment of the complexion. Her London address is 29, Old Bond Street; but she has recently opened a new establishment in Liverpool, at 35, Bold Street, where electrolysis and other processes are carried out by a staff of highly efficient experts.

SYBIL.

#### CILDREN AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

ONE of the most pleasant, and certainly the prettiest, of the functions at the Mansion House during the Mayoral year is the Children's Fancy-dress Ball. On Thursday of last week some twelve hundred charmingly dressed little people assembled at the invitation of Sir Marcus and Lady Samuel, who, accompanied by the State officials and various Aldermen and Sheriffs with their ladies, received the juvenile guests in the Saloon. Among the many notabilities present were the Japanese Minister and Viscountess Hayashi, the Chinese Minister and his wife, the Home Secretary, the Earl and Countess of Romney, Mr. Justice and Lady Walton, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks. The dresses of the juvenile guests, whose age ranged from six to fourteen, were delightful in their variety. The Lord Mayor's little daughter, Miss Ida Samuel, appeared as a Snowdrop, and the children accompanying the Japanese and Chinese Ministers were in picturesque native costume. Miss Evelyn Akers-Douglas was a pretty Joan of Arc and Miss Cara Akers-Douglas a light-winged butterfly. One must not omit to mention little Miss Barbara Stirling, dressed in a beautiful "Marquise" costume, consisting of a rose-satin petticoat with an over-dress of antique brocade embroidered with roses and blue flowers which once belonged to her great-great-grandmother. With her powdered hair and patches, she was a sweet little lady. The Royal Artillery Band, under Cavaliere Zavertal, supplied the dance-music, and various entertainments were provided. Supper was served in the Old Ball-room, and the festivities came to an end at midnight.

This peculiarly interesting and artistic centrepiece in sterling silver has just been modelled for presentation to the 9th Lancers from the Cape Mounted Rifles, in commemoration of the close friendship formed and cemented during the Boer War. The massive sterling silver bowl is flanked upon either hand by perfect silver models of a 9th Lancer and a Cape Mounted Rifleman respectively, and stands upon an ebony base bearing a silver panel with an appropriate inscription. The centrepiece was designed and modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, London, W., and Queen Victoria Street, E.C.



A MEMENTO OF THE BOER WAR.

this, the thirtieth edition of an invaluable hand-book, bears evidence of great care in its editing and general preparation. In addition to lists of newspapers, London and provincial, American, Colonial, and Continental, much other useful information is given in a form easy for reference. It is published by James Willing, Jun., Limited, at 125, Strand.

"Willing's Press Guide" for 1903 has just been issued, and, as in former years,

#### NOTES FROM ROME.

THE news that Sir Francis Bertie is coming here in Lord Currie's place has been received in Rome with undisguised pleasure and relief (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). An Italian gentleman of very high position in Italy, and well known in other countries for his erudition, expressed the greatest pleasure when I informed him of the news. "Perhaps," said he, "the new Ambassador will be more popular in the English Society as well as in the Roman Society than some Ambassadors we know. It is always a bad sign when Ambassadors are unpopular among their own countrymen abroad; it makes a bad impression amongst the people of the country where he is a guest." These words I quote, as I am sure there is a great amount of truth in them; members of the Diplomatic service abroad, not so much those in high places as those lesser lights who would fain appear to be more brilliant than they really are, are often prone to make themselves disagreeable to their fellow countrymen, whom they treat as though they were of quite a different mould and stamp from themselves. To those who are onlookers at such unwarranted behaviour the impression is the reverse of pleasant. Secretaries and Attachés at Embassies are often heard to make the remark: "But, you see, we are not here for the English Colony, but for the members of the foreign Court." Quite so; but this is no reason for being uncourteous and overbearing in manner towards fellow countrymen of as good family as themselves.

New Year's Day was spent in Rome by the majority of people in a way very different from that observed in England. On this day, of all days in the year, it is the rule to pay calls on all of one's acquaintance and wish them a "Buon' Anno." This does not mean in all cases that one enters the house of the friends in question; when it is the case rather of performing a duty than a pleasure, the "call" takes the form of leaving cards in the hands of the footman, who in some cases is actually stationed outside the house of the magnate or Minister or Deputy, as the case may be. Hundreds of people were, therefore, to be seen driving about in open cabs—for it was a very warm afternoon on this occasion—and leaving their bits of pasteboard at house after house. On this day all the servants are especially obsequious in wishing their employers a "Buona Festa," and the beggars do a rattling trade. While there are, it is true, great numbers of really poverty-stricken people in Rome, visitors should remember that a very large percentage of the beggars, who have become now really a pest in all the streets, are merely professional demanders of alms, and nearly all the little babies used to excite pity in the hearts of the ladies are borrowed for the day. Systematic charity is most laudable: there are societies in Rome without end which would be only too glad of funds for really suffering poor; to dispense silver and coppers to stray, gaudily dressed beggars in the streets is as unsatisfactory as it is harmful in its effects. The day for the children is not so much New Year's Day as the Epiphany, or "Befania" (Epifania). On this day, Italian children receive toys, bands parade the streets, and groups of children play lustily on trumpets and other wind-instruments. The merriment is carried right on till quite late in the night.

I had the pleasure of seeing little Princess Mafalda out for her first drive in an open carriage, reposing in the arms of her gaily dressed nurse. The latter attracted very much attention on account of her singular beauty. The position of wet-nurse is a very coveted one, for a handsome pension is given in order to compensate the nurse for the loss sustained in consequence of the very strict law that a nurse to Royalty shall never act as foster-mother to any other child afterwards.

Sir Albert K. Rollit, M.P., has promised to open the first Stanley Automobile Exhibition, to be held at Earl's Court, Jan. 16 to 24.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce a series of cheap week-end excursions for various periods from London to numerous places on their system during January, February, and March. Programmes, giving full particulars as to fares, times, &c., have been issued, and may be obtained on application at any Great Northern Station, Town Office, or Ticket Agency.

The recent accident which occurred to Mr. Haddon Chambers in New York, when, as will be remembered, he received a serious wound under the eye from a sword with which a friend was showing him some sabre-strokes, has, fortunately, had no ill effects, and the wound has healed without injury to the eye, and almost without a scar. The gentleman whose display of swordsmanship gave the fell blow was Mr. Fitzgerald Peploe, a young English sculptor, who lives in New York, and who has just completed a bust of Mr. Chambers, which has been exhibited with considerable success in America and will this season be seen in one of the Art Exhibitions in London.

"The Advertiser's A B C" has now reached its seventeenth issue. Mr. T. B. Browne's annual has become indispensable to a large and important section of the community, for the Press of the whole world may be said to be embraced within its pages. It contains several articles of special value to business firms, including "The British Empire," "Art in Advertising," &c., and, being printed throughout on fine-art paper, the reproductions in its "Advertisement Picture Gallery" and the covers in colour of the various weeklies and magazines are a delight to the eye. There are more than eleven hundred pages in the volume, which is published at 163, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

## CITY NOTES:

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 27.*

## MARKET CHAT.

THE figures of the Bank Return were, as we anticipated, very favourable, and there was a jump in the ratio of reserve to liabilities of about 10½ per cent., but, despite our strong hint to the Governors, Mr. Daniell was not able to announce that the rate had been lowered. To tell the truth, hope was, with us, father to the



INTERIOR OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CARACAS.

thought, but the day cannot be very far distant when the looked-for reduction must be brought about.

The Great Fingall scandal has each day produced its crop of rumours, which have happily now been set at rest by the result of the investigations, which show that the Company has lost in cash and securities £28,000, and the lenders on forged transfers and certificates some £72,000. The way the forgeries were discovered is curious. It appears that just before Christmas one of the lenders called in his loan, and got from Rowe a cheque in repayment; the cheque was met and the loan thus repaid, but, instead of returning the pledged documents to Rowe, the firm in question took them to the Stock Exchange Committee, who asked to see the directors, and knowledge of this coming to Rowe's ear, he thought it safest to depart without thinking it worth while to leave any address. It was, if we remember rightly, the now departed and ever-regretted Mr. Sam Lewis who said that he preferred to lend on a forged bill, because it was so much safer! He, of course, spoke of business mostly done among the *aristocracy*.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Taking a tribe of children to a pantomime matinée had sorely tried The Stroller's ordinary stock of patience. As a tonic, he made his way eastwards and was soon in the midst of the usual Throgmorton Street throng.

"What is going on?" he asked a gentleman in Shorter's Court. You see, he was getting bolder than ever.

The man addressed immediately pulled a small electric-light from his pocket and offered it for sale.

"I beg your pardon," said our friend; "I thought you were a jobber in Yankee shares," and he pushed his way further up the crowded Court.

"Steel Common! Steel! Steel!" shrieked a voice from near the lamp-post.

"Incitement to burglary, I call it," growled a man standing close by The Stroller. "And they're not worth their present price, either."

"I don't know s'much about that," observed his neighbour. "If Little Eries stand above Steel Common, surely the latter ought to be worth more, considering the dividend they pay. And you get nothing on Eric."

"Nor are you likely to for years to come," added a third. "But when it's a question of buying in order to get control of a Line, you never know what may happen."

"Then you are in favour of Steel Common?" ventured The Stroller.

"Um—well! I don't think they make a bad gamble so long as Morgan and Schwab are alive."

"Delicately put, anyway," one of the others laughed.

"At all events, they make a better spec. than Eries," maintained their upholder, stoutly.

"It's a sorry market to be a bull in," said one, disconsolately.

"My dear boy, it rarely happens that you either get in right at the top or out at the extreme bottom; and, if you have patience, you will always make a profit, whichever way you act."

"Take home a few Atchisons with you to sleep on," counselled a hatless individual. "What are Atch.?" he suddenly yelled.

Over from the steps leading up to the House came a faint reply: "Buy at a half."

"Sorry," and again he bellowed "What are Atch.?"

The Stroller happened to catch sight of his broker, and by dint of gentle pressure managed to get near him in something under ten minutes. "Buy me some Yankees," he said, after the usual greetings.

"What would you like?"

"I don't mind. Say Steel Common and Atchison; fifty of each, if you will do such a small order."

"Certainly. Just half a second," and away the broker went, gliding sinuously among the throng, almost through the bodies of other men, as it seemed to The Stroller.

After reporting the purchase, the broker asked what profit his client wanted.

"Oh, a fiver on each will do. It's only for a flutter"; and, the limit booked, both men turned away.

"Busy?" The Stroller asked.

"I am rather. But I shall be delighted——"

"Very well. I will look you up in half-an-hour," and the twain separated at Warnford Court.

"East Rand Mining, have you anything to do?" Thus a Jobber to The Stroller. "Oh, sorry!" he apologised, noting the umbrella and the gloves. "I thought you were a broker."

"I'm broke," smiled The Stroller, feeling the feebleness of his jest. "But I wish I were a broker. Are the things you mentioned good to buy?"

"Well, between you and me and the registered post, I don't fancy they are. East Rand Mining Estates have been a very favourite House tip for months now, but I don't believe in the concern, although I deal in the shares."

"What do you mean by saying you don't believe in it?"

"Oh, I mean that it is greatly overrated, and it may be years before anything like decent dividends are paid. Of course, one never knows, but that is my own personal opinion."

"Thank you very much," returned our friend. "As a matter of fact, I did have a strong tip given me to buy them, but I haven't done so."

"You mustn't blame me if they go up," laughed his adviser. "Good-night."

"——before the others will, I bet you what you like," cried a clean-shaven fellow standing in the middle of a group.

"I can't see the catch in either Barneys or Johnnies," expostulated another of the knot.

"My dear chap, can't you see that, when shares like Barneys and Johnnies become such prime favourites with the speculating public, they are bound to go better after every relapse, whatever may happen to Beit or anyone else?"

"You might apply the same argument to Chartered, with equal logic."

"I do—I do, most decidedly! But as to Chamberlain being able to set everything to rights in about two months, as you were saying just now, the idea is ridiculous. It is the work of years to pacify the country and get it into going order."

"What has that to do with speculating in Kaffirs from day to day?"

"Not much, I admit. What I say, though, is that you can buy such things in safety when they're low, and you are sure to get out at a profit whenever the regular spurt comes along."

"I like Anglo-French myself," put in a man who had not spoken.

"After any tumble, there is very little risk in picking them up."

"Or Apex, either," suggested a fourth.

"Heavy shares to play with, but I think you're right," was the reply. "Hullo, what's that?"

The Stroller looked down at his feet, and found them crackling, fizzing, and sparkling most unaccountably. All the others were looking, too. Someone had upset a box of wax matches; and, in shifting his position, The Stroller had stepped on a dozen or so. At that moment his broker passed, and walked off arm-in-arm with him, to our friend's relief.



BOLIVAR RAILWAY: VIEW FROM QUELRA VARA CUTTING.

"My client wished to let a little light on the dark corners of the Kafir Market!" called out the House-man, as he plunged into the Throg.

## CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

To the prosperity of the Dominion there seems no end, if judgment may be based upon the splendid traffics which the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk publish week after week. And the stocks of both Companies are not slow to respond to the excellence of the statistics, although the Grand Trunk issues are held back in part by the discouraging character of the monthly statements. Yet again stress must be laid upon the wisdom of the Board's policy in pursuing a sound, if not a popular line of management, and once more Grand Trunk + per cent. Guaranteed stock may be indicated as one of the cheapest investments of its class that can be found. The First Preference, too, has now passed the rubicon of speculation, and is a staid investment security, and while the Second Preference has to be included in the list of second-class stocks, its position has greatly improved during the past twelvemonth. In time, no doubt, the junior stocks must also go considerably better, but they are decidedly speculative and the bull account now existing in the market does not make for a substantial immediate rise.

Canadian Pacifics have again become bound up with the fortunes and fluctuations of Americans, but the recent buying has been good enough to encourage the hope that 150 will be reached before long. In considering both Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk prospects, it is well, however, to remember that the talk of railway competition in Canada swells in volume with every mail that reaches this country.

## THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

Just at the time when James Nelson shares should be bracing up, in view of the next dividend, which is expected to be a bumper one, there comes the news that a strong Anglo-American Company is about to start in the cold-storage business, and bulls of Nelsons are waxing troubled lest the combine should hurt their undertaking in any way. Of course, it must be recognised that the dramatic rush which forced the shares up to nearly 4½ was possibly a flourish of trumpets as a preliminary announcement of the new Federal Supply concern. Naturally, the remarkable developments in connection with the Federal Company are regarded askance by Nelson shareholders. As to the Federal concern, we should say that anyone who receives an allotment after all will do well to secure a premium in the neighbourhood of ten shillings, because competition is now so keen that the cold-storage Companies must resign themselves to the prospects of largely diminished profits in the future. Nelsons might, perhaps, be kept in view of the next dividend, but Imperial Storage are not a nice holding for any but the most sanguine bulls.

Shareholders in the Textile Companies are viewing with a grateful satisfaction the advance in Calico Printers' Shares. The rise is due, so they say, to the fact that Messrs. J. and P. Coats are about to take a hand in the management of the concern, and, if that is true, it would seem to imply that there is considerable life left yet in the unfortunate Calico Printers. Yorkshire Woolcombers are, of course, in a much less happy position; and the shares grovel at about half-a-crown apiece, but those who care for a speculative investment might direct their attention to English Sewing Cotton Debenture stock, in the present price of which lurk possibilities of a steady advance in value, to say nothing of the good yield which can be obtained.

Saturday, Jan. 10, 1903.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.*

B. P.—The address of the school is South Lambeth Road; but if you wish to make inquiries, you should write to Mr. C. A. Stein, Stock Exchange, E.C.

CHELT.—We have a poor opinion of the Company. Of course, the price of petroleum has been very low and is now better, and the same is true of residuals. The Company is said to be badly managed, but if the price of oil keeps up, the profits should improve. It is in bad times that good or bad management shows itself.

PONS.—To answer your questions, one must be able to see into the future. (1) The nominal value of the shares is £5 each. (2) The Pref. are 5 to 5½, and the Ordinary 5½ to 6½. (3) Last year the Pref. got 6 per cent, and the Ordinary 10 per cent. (4) The Pref. dividend is paid in April and October, and the Ordinary in May and November. (5) We see no reason why the Company should not go on doing well, but these much-advertised things are considered risky. (6) You can judge of the stability of the business and the comparative advantages of the shares as well as we can.

INEXPERIENCE.—The bonds are honest enough, and the prizes are paid, but we do not think they are desirable investments. Messrs. C. R. and Co. ask a trifle over the market price, and you would buy cheaper by dealing with Messrs. N. Keyzer and Co., of 28, Threadneedle Street. The City of Paris bonds are dearer than some of the others, for the same reason that Consols are higher than "Little Turks," namely, the security is supposed to be better. The objections to the bonds are their gambling nature, the long odds against a prize, and the indefinite lock-up, when, at a reasonable rate of interest, the money would earn more than the value of the chance of a prize.

NOVICE.—(1) The touts you name pay when they lose, but, of course, run the stock against you, and make their profit out of your loss. Can such people be reliable to do business with? (2) The Cycle Company is reasonably capitalised now, but as to the prospects of the trade we are not very sanguine. (3) Don't touch them with a barge-pole.

G. L.—The attestations are not in order, and no self-respecting Company would accept such a transfer. The very reason for requiring a witness to the signature is that some independent and uninterested person may be able to prove the execution, if it is ever disputed.

D. H. A.—We are glad to hear that our hint is confirmed. The shares are a speculation, and, as things go, not a bad one.

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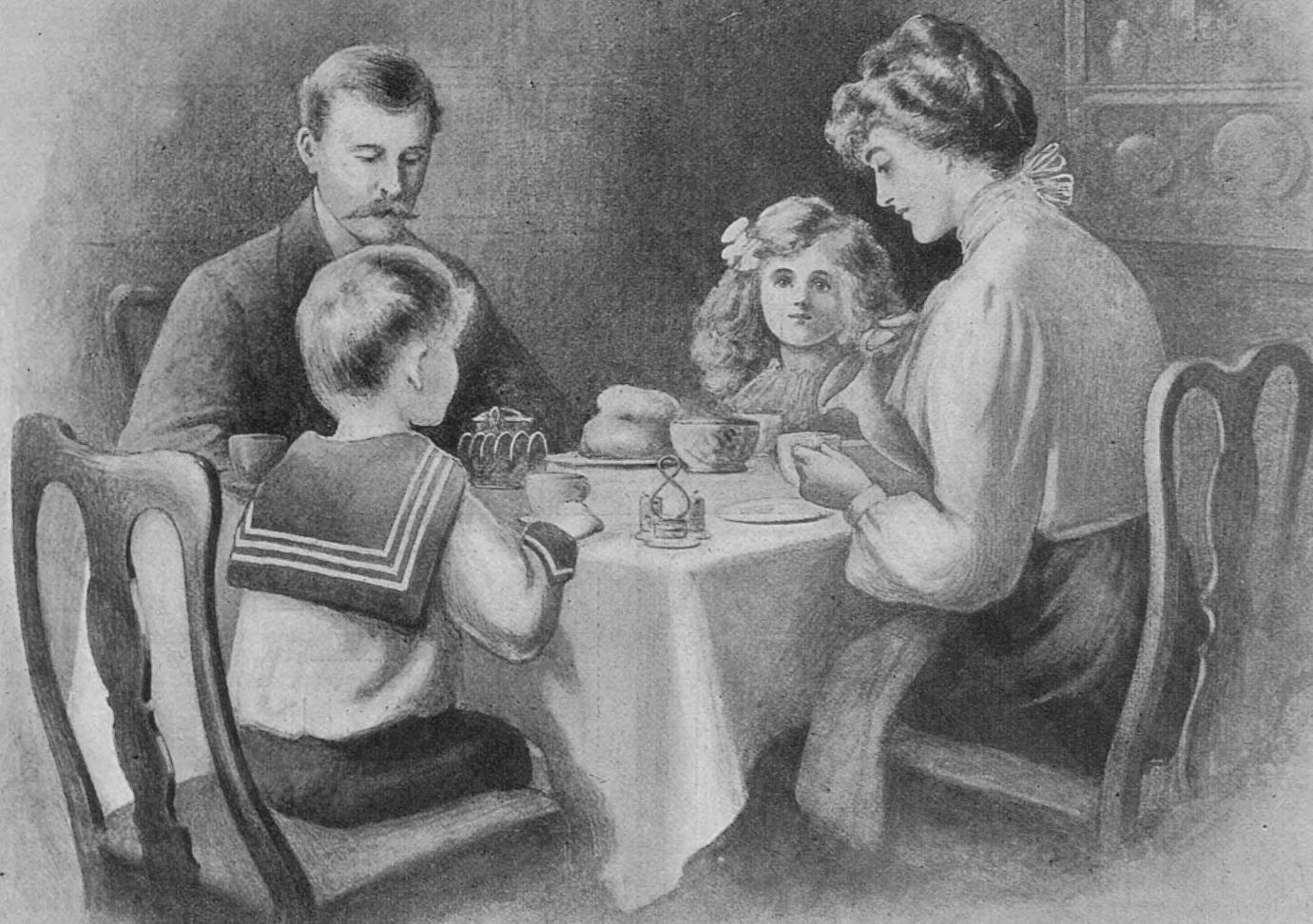
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*Sketch (Jan. 14).*

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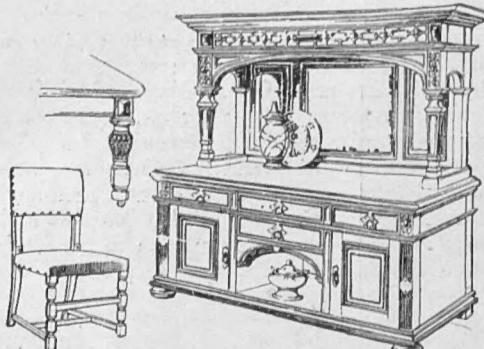
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## LONDON CHAT AND GOSSIP.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

Some years ago I spent a happy fortnight in Havanna, Isle of Cuba, as the guest of Señor Alvarez, the maker of the "Henry Clay" cigars, and I only discovered lately that there is a Havanna in England, near Congleton, where, by the way, excellent cigars hail from called the "Marsūma," an East Indian production of delightful quality. That I am not alone in my opinion is evidenced by Mr. Pinero writing to Mr. Andiamio (the head of the Marsūma Company), congratulating him on the excellence of his "weeds." Dan Leno writes to say they are "of good value and very fine"—and Dan is a hardened smoker. Sir Conan Doyle who likes to blow a fragrant cloud, also says they are very fine, and sends an order for more—a sure sign of complete satisfaction. Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. Markham writes for a parcel of the same brand and highly eulogises their quality—and so on, ad infinitum. There is no doubt about it that the English Havanna is making its mark with the East India tobacco. When Lord Kitchener and his suite departed the other week for Egypt he took half-a-dozen boxes of the "Suraburang" (Colorado Maduro) one of the brands of the "Marsūma" to smoke en route to India.

\* \* \*

Mr. Fritz Kreisler's violin recital at St. Hall, under the direction of Mr. N. Verteuil, selector.

## MARSŪMA DE LUXE. Price List.

Sizes.	Packed in Boxes containing	Cost per Sample Box	Total Cost per 100 Cigars to Buyer.
No. 1.—"SURAMBA" .. .	25	10/-	40/-
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" 3.—"SURANARMA" .. .	25	20/-	80/-
" 4.—"SURONA" .. .	25	30/-	120/-
" 5.—"SURONATA" .. .	10	20/-	200/-

NOTE.—SAMPLE BOXES supplied, containing 10 cigars (2 of each size), 12/-.

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Sizes.	Packed in Boxes containing	Cost per Sample Box.	Total Cost per 100 Cigars to Buyer.	Length of Cigars.
No. 1.—"SIAK" (WHIFFS)	100	8/-	8/-	31 in.
" 2.—"SUMBA" .. .	50	7 1/2	15/-	4 "
" 3.—"SURABIGA" .. .	100	18 1/2	18 1/2	42 "
" 4.—"SURABAYA" .. .	50	12/-	20/-	48 "
" 5.—"SURABAKTA" .. .	25	7/-	28/-	41 "
" 6.—"SURABURANG"	25	10/-	40/-	51 "

Your tobacconist (if satisfied with fair profit) can obtain them for you. If you have any difficulty, write to us, and we will send name of nearest tobacconist who stocks them; or forward you boxes direct upon receipt of P.O. or cheque, carriage paid. Full value returned if not satisfied after smoking few cigars.

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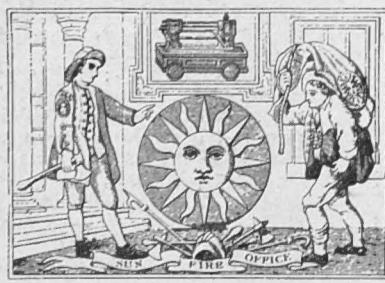
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